

SEPTEMBER 10, 1979

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TIME

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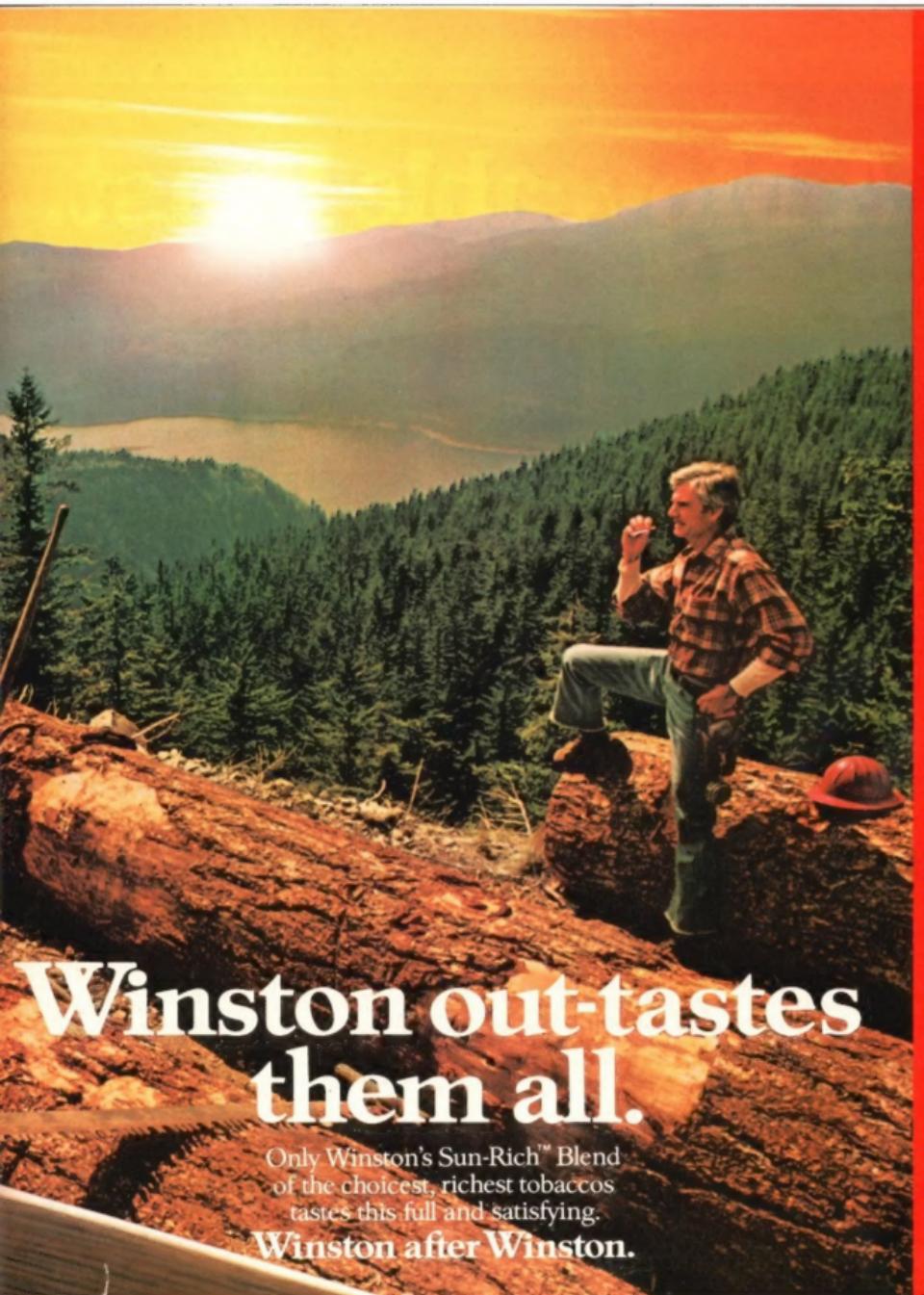
G.O.P. Candidate
John Connally



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SONY
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A Letter from the Publisher

Powerful self-control is the distinctive mark of John B. Connally," says TIME Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian. "He's in control on the podium, where he ranks with Ted Kennedy as one of the two best stump speakers in America. He's in control of his emotions, and he never appears off-balance." A former assistant managing editor of LIFE, Ajemian has been covering presidential candidates since 1956, and reported extensively on the Texan for TIME three years ago. For this week's cover story, Ajemian shadowed three Connallys nonstop for a week: he rode with the leather-jungled campaigner on a four-states-in-four-days fund-raising sweep; he weekended with the ten-gallon-hatted, boots-and-khaki cattle rancher at his Floresville, Texas, spread; and he interviewed the smooth-talking, pinstriped attorney in his expensively furnished Houston law office. It was only in this third and most worldly incarnation that Ajemian saw Big John ease up on his relentless self-control and look touchingly human. "I had asked him about country-and-western music, and he started talking about the bal-



Ajemian and Isaacson trade notes on Connally

lads of his youth," Ajemian recalls. "Then, all of a sudden, he began to sing—his voice strong, a little creaky perhaps and certainly less splendid than his oratory, but the words never faltered and he was into this song about *The East Bound Train*—"My father is in prison/ He's lost his sight, they say/ I'm going to seek his pardon/ This cold December day.")

Ajemian's reporting was woven into a cover story by Staff Writer Walter Isaacson, who got out from behind his desk in Manhattan to catch Connally in action at some Northeastern whistlestops. As a native son of Louisiana and former city hall reporter for the New Orleans *States-Item*, Isaacson is familiar with the eccentricities of Southern politicians. "Their style," he says, "is a stimulating mix of the byzantine and the evangelical." This week, after a year and a half as a Nation writer in New York, Isaacson begins a new assignment as a congressional corre-

spondent in Washington, D.C., thus moving even closer to the heart of Dixie—not to mention the byzantine and the evangelical.

John C. Meyers

Cover: Illustration by Don Ivan Punchatz.

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Cover: John Connally is hot on the hustings in pursuit of the presidency. He is cutting an impressive figure, but still must persuade skeptical voters that his horse is white.

"There are still a lot of myths about me," he says. See NATION.



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Ludwig's Gamble: In the pristine Amazon jungle, Billionaire Daniel K. Ludwig, America's richest man, is taking a daring gamble by building a vast industrial and agricultural complex. See ECONOMY & BUSINESS.



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Britain: An explosion rocks Donegal Bay, killing Lord Mountbatten, Britain's beloved war hero, diplomat and elder statesman of its royal family. The murder begins a bloody week of L.R.A. mayhem. See WORLD.

10 Nation

A sour mood and a desire for leadership are reflected in a Yankovich poll for TIME. ► Did Ham Jordan snort coke?

34 World

Nonaligned leaders gather in Havana. ► Israel draws criticism for raids on Lebanon. ► West Germany's heroin habit.

42 Science

It has no mass, no charge and sports a funny name, but the gluon is shaking up physicists. ► Closing in on a gaseous giant.

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Thirty years of Communist rule did not destroy religion in China, and the government now promises "freedom of belief."

49 Medicine

Antibiotics may be called wonder drugs, but doctors are now starting to question one important way they are used.

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British Singer-Songwriter Alan Price deftly fuses rock and pop in his ebullient and ironic new album, *Lucky Day*.

60 Television

Retreads, spin-offs and rip-offs dominate the networks' new prime-time season. ► PBS presents Jean-Paul Sartre's *Keen*.

65 Education

Custer is out, Sitting Bull is in—as are ethnic groups and unsolvable problems—says a new study of school history texts.

71 Behavior

Can a subliminal word or two change larcenous intentions? ► Florida shrinks are in a tizzy over who is a therapist.

80 Books

Diaghilev spotlights the impresario who impressed the West. ► *Jailbird* is Vonnegut's best, brightest novel in years.

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Is the U.S. decadent? The word suggests corrupt pleasures and moral decline, but few agree on what decadence really means.

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Letters

On the Bench

To the Editors:

Your fine article "Judging the Judges" [Aug. 20] was long overdue. Obviously, many lawyer-judges are unable to police themselves, and people outside the bar are needed to end the abuses. It seems the lawyers and lawyer-judges want to regulate and control everything and everyone except themselves.

Earl Wheby Jr.
Atlanta

I used to resent doctors, now it's judges. At least with doctors it doesn't take so long to get a second opinion.

Frederick Cleveland
Milford, Mich.



Rights, civil or otherwise, are not and should never be isolated absolutes. No court can ever protect anyone against the will of the majority. When sufficiently provoked, the majority will attack both the court and the minority and redress any such imbalance. I suspect that this realization once prompted a Chief Justice to observe that the court did "read the election returns."

David N. Alloway
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Honestly, I am more afraid of judges and lawyers than I am of the U.S.S.R.

Jim Peterson
Ringsted, Iowa

To relieve case loads in the courts, legislators should be required to eliminate an old law before legislating a new one.

Frank Zale
Northridge, Calif.

Young's Exit

In letting Andrew Young go [Aug. 27], the White House lost the best Ambassador to the United Nations in recent memory. For a brief period, he made the U.N. newsworthy, gained some valuable good will in the Third World and rediscov-

ered a weapon that modern diplomacy has forgotten: speaking the truth. Even the diplomats will be sorry to see him go.

Nicholas H. Morgan
Charlottesville, Va.

The talks with the P.L.O. that brought about Young's departure will become the official policy of the U.S.

June Clark
Chicago

Of course he should have been fired—he isn't the President, is he?

Don E. Earman
Harrisonburg, Va.

Who would be a better candidate for the U.N. Ambassador than Sammy Davis Jr.? He's black, Jewish and personable.

John Stevens
La Jolla, Calif.

A Chat with Arafat

Yasser Arafat in his interview with TIME [Aug. 20] rightly implies that the conflict in the Middle East is basically between Jewish lobby dollars and Arab oil wealth. Can any American politician risk alienating either? As long as the legitimate aspirations of both Israelis and Palestinians are ignored, the Middle East will remain a powder keg.

Catherine Mullally
Seattle

I just returned from a kibbutz near Israel's border with Lebanon. During my stay we received a gift from the P.L.O.—a bomb. Fortunately no one was hurt, but that was not their intent. To grant the P.L.O. self-determination is a step toward the elimination of Israel.

Jory Vernon
Downsview, Ont.

Hooray for Yasser Arafat for his super remark: "The real terror is the occupation itself."

Abul Barkat
Boston

No Meeting

In your story "Talking to the P.L.O." [Aug. 27], I am mentioned as having had a meeting with Ambassador Robert Strauss. I have never seen, much less spoken to, Mr. Strauss. As a Palestinian American I deplore the continuing policy of denying full Palestinian self-determination, and as a scholar and intellectual I am a party to the struggle for self-determination, not an intermediary.

Edward W. Said
Beirut

British Races

You, as you show in your story on Britain's multiracial society [Aug. 27], like Hitler, have not understood the solid Brit-

ish character. All of us browns, pinks, blacks, whites and any other color that is relevant to you, will give proof of our love and loyalty to our country when the time comes.

A million articles like yours cannot spoil even an iota Britain's standing in the world in this respect. As a proud British Sikh, I say hands off our country.

Rajinder Singh
Meinerzhagen, West Germany

I hope Britain will not follow that peculiar Americanism known as affirmative action, in order to help immigrants. Such programs exacerbate a feeling of resentment among the majority population and can only exacerbate the immigrants' inferiority complex.

Sean O'Sullivan
East Peckham, England

Remembering the Holocaust

Stefan Kanfer's account of the presidential commission's journey to the sites of the Holocaust [Aug. 20] is a gut-wrenching reminder of the sinister events of only a generation ago. Rereading it once a year will truly keep alive the last command in the Warsaw ghetto: *Pamiętaj! Remember!*

Sol Z. Abraham
Denver

This memorial should not be built in remembrance of only one religious or ethnic group. Millions of Poles, Russians, French, Dutch, Italians, Greeks, Germans and other Europeans were murdered by the Nazis. It should be dedicated to all these souls.

Alfred Giovannini
West Haven, Conn.

Gift from Mexico

Mexico is finally giving the U.S. the oil [Aug. 20] our economy so desperately craves. However, Mexico didn't say that we would have to scrape it off our beautiful beaches!

Paul W. Capor
Monroeville, Pa.

With the "Repo" Men

Your American Scene [Aug. 20] on the way the men who repossess cars work was extremely informative—probably too informative. How many people actually know how to break into a car? If I lived in Houston I wouldn't appreciate your letting everyone know when the best times are to "repo" or rip off cars.

Stan W. Unruh
Santa Ana, Calif.

Soul Talk

Regarding your article on Black English [Aug. 20]: As a radioman in the Coast Guard, I must be appreciative in use of stan-

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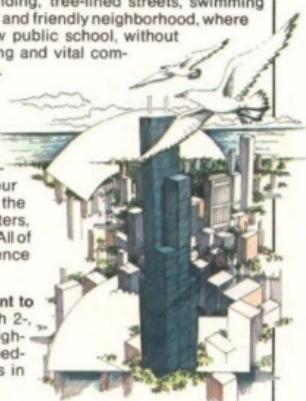
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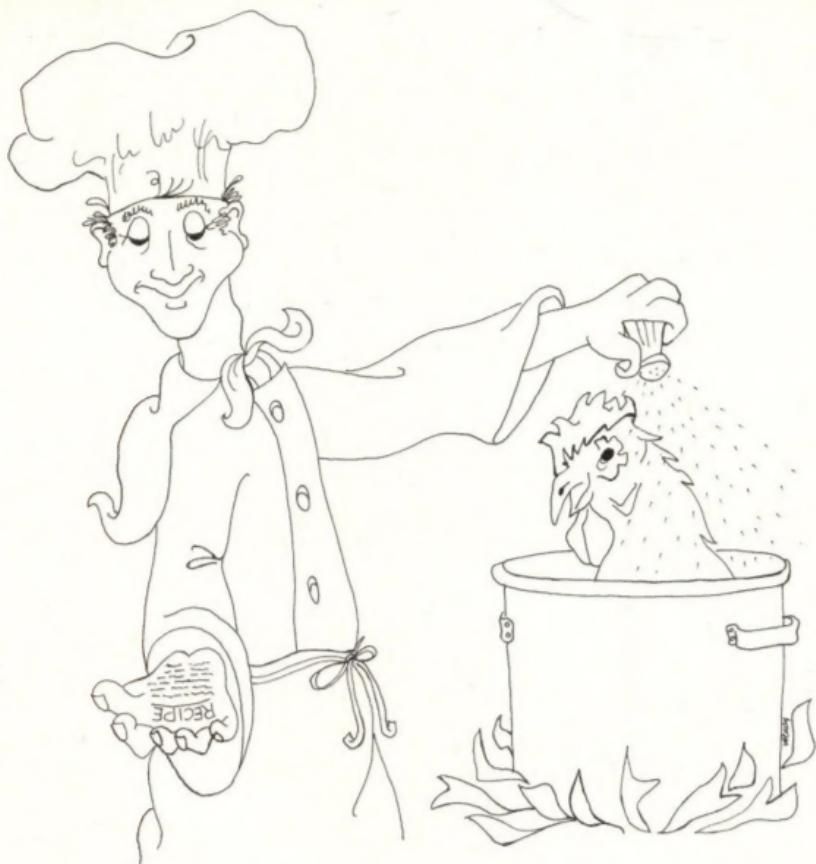
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dard English language, but when I go home to Bed-Stuy I tend to use "been gone" and "maf work." My point being, don't knock it, man, till ya tried it.

Lee C. Payton Jr.
Brooklyn

In your phonetic rendering of woof ticket, the pronunciation is correct, but rather than being a "wolf" ticket (meaning a challenge to fight), it is a "woof" ticket (meaning a bluff). One often hears the term woofin' to mean that someone is in a sense barking, not yet committed to bite. Thus an inferior athletic team "sells woof tickets," trying to psych out its opponents. The superior team, confident of its ability, "buys all woof tickets."

Edward Boyer
Los Angeles

While the classroom is the place to expose the student to conventional language, the teacher should not rob the black student of his right to articulate in a manner in which he is most able to express himself. We will lose a culture if we do this — "and I ain't just sellin' wolf tickets."

Edie Scher
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Tale of Two Cities

What a dreadful shame that those 19 French visitors to the U.S. (Aug. 20) could not communicate in their native language, or share their cultural experiences with more than a handful of Americans, even in New Orleans.

Anthony J. Vetrano
Skanateales, N.Y.

We were in Paris, we did not speak French. We were lost. No one cared, not even the fat, unattractive French women. All we wanted was to get out of a dirty city.

Hal and Cindy Cotter
Somerset, Mass.

Parochial Pride

If local chauvinism is "as American as pumpkin pie," as Frank Trippett tells us (Aug. 20), it is something of far more significance than he would have us believe. It is never enough to be good; one must be better than, and the result of this attitude is that finally we are all losers.

Alfie Kahn
Providence

Pride in local distinctiveness is not a perverse deviation from national homogenization but a healthy counterweight to it. The "disparagement of rival areas" is good-natured, not bitter. We are one nation but within that unity there is a colorful diversity.

E. McClung Fleming
Wilmington, Del.

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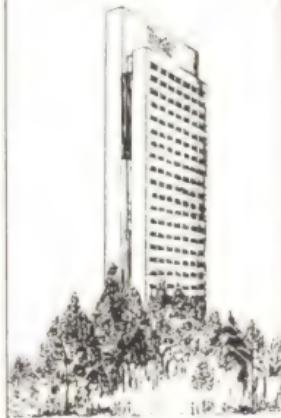
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University of Wisconsin's bike-like runabout uses one-cylinder motor only on hills

American Scene

In Michigan: A New Fuels Paradise

General Motors doesn't want people wandering around on their own in there," says a student guard. He points to the fence beyond which innocent-looking woods and fields stretch away through southern Michigan. The only authorized way in proves to be a shuttle bus. Bearing two Chrysler engineers and an average American car owner, pitifully eager for any word of mileage efficiency to come, it cruises along winding roads with nothing except trees in view. Nothing, that is, until the road opens on a vast stretch of black tarmac, 67 acres of it, set in the hills near Milford, a GM proving ground. Right in the middle, three circus-like tents and a maze of yellow rubber cones point skyward like the towers of some futuristic Camelot. A long line of odd-looking vehicles is strung out in front of them. Some appear to have wings. Some look like your average tired little foreign sedan. One, with a bright red body but made mostly of glass, could be a fire chief's dream of glory.

The Chrysler folk swiftly head for the spot in the line where the car brought by a team of student engineers from the University of Minnesota sits. A mumble of talk ensues about the interesting hydraulic "hybrid" gas engine the team has built. The humble car owner does not really understand hybrids (engineer jargon for automobiles that use more than one source of power—like a diesel engine combined, with a battery-powered engine, for example). What he really wants is a decent replacement for his air-conditioned, 8-m.p.g. '71 Chevy Impala. He was pretty disappointed when the so-called Moomobile raised hopes and made headlines by getting from Florida to Washington, D.C., at 84 m.p.g. only to flunk its EPA emissions test.

It is the second day of the S.C.O.R.E. (student competitions on relevant engineering), an "energy-efficient vehicle competition." Thirty-four cars from 28 different colleges and universities in the

U.S. and Canada are on hand. If they do not have a better idea, who does?

S.C.O.R.E. officials are mostly graduate engineering students serving managerial stints in a nonprofit, Boston-based organization founded to promote "hands-on" engineering technology in North American schools. The Detroit manufacturers usually contribute not merely the testing site but also special testing equipment and engineers who serve as judges. James Paisley of GM's product planning group and his partner, John A. Nattress of the University of Florida, are scheduled to review the experimental-car contestants on something called "costs to the consumer." The bemused car owner finds Paisley and Nattress hard at work on the line evaluating a front-wheel-drive, hydrogen-powered, hydraulic-assisted entry from the University of Wisconsin's Stout campus. Even with some donated parts, the exotic power plant modestly housed in a blue Dodge Omni body cost \$25,000 in cash. Student Steve Mann insists that the car would be "as cheap as or cheaper" than any current production model to mass-produce. Mann is young and tousle-headed. But with poise beyond his years he points out that if society were to switch from petroleum-based fuels to hydrogen, fuel would cost the consumer only about 18¢ a gal. in gasoline equivalent. "But it'll take ten years before people realize there are oceans of water out there full of hydrogen."

The hydrogen car is quite safe. Mann says, despite the volatility of hydrogen. He dismisses the " Hindenburg syndrome," which makes people associate hydrogen with blazing death because of the famous dirigible disaster in 1937. Disregarding Mann's assurance that putting a bullet through this engine would not cause a fire, the car owner involuntarily takes a step back from the open hood. But he perks up at hydrogen mileage figures. The car "should" get about 60 m.p.g. and, because of the hydraulic accumulator

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American Scene

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On down the line David Kravitz, faculty adviser to the Penn State team, outlines the virtues of a modified 1975 Honda CVCC that students have converted into a diesel. The rival University of Pennsylvania crew has taken a Rabbit diesel, added a turbocharger to burn fuel more efficiently and stuck it in an elongated Honda chassis designed to seat six passengers. Says a team member: "We call it a Dachshonda."

The University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, team has put a two-cylinder, 25-h.p. Onan industrial engine (usually used to power an electric generator) into a British Austin Mini, added an electronic microprocessor to fine-tune the motor while it is running and hooked up a hydraulic accumulator to store unused energy. The Colorado State team has used graphite and Kevlar in the frame to shave 600 lbs from an already light Audi. The name of this entry is Scab I, for "Screw the Arab bastards," the team cheerfully proclaims.

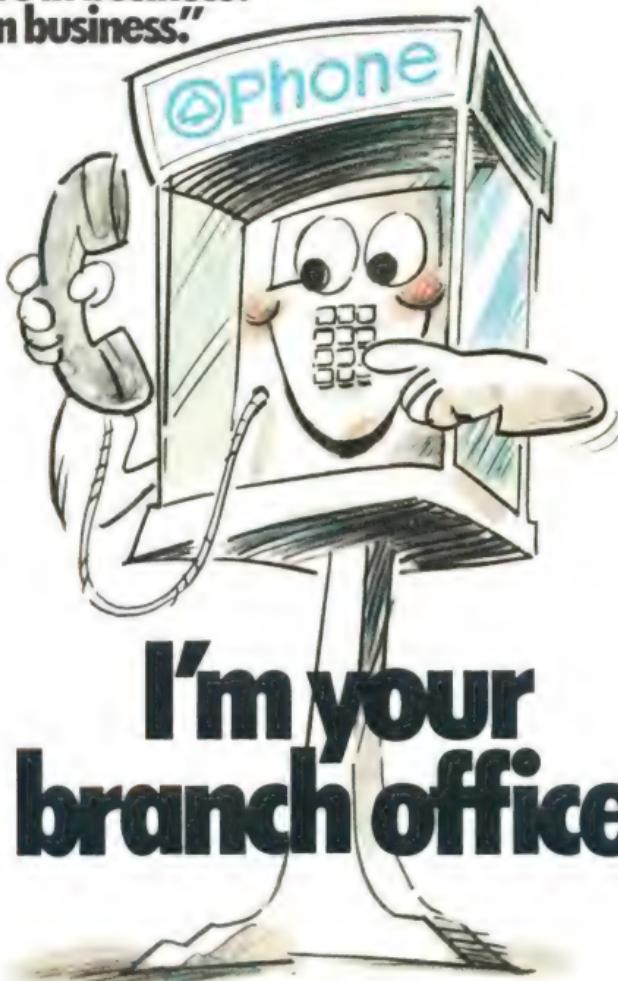
Another entry is already tooling around the giant lot testing a tiny, one-cylinder gasoline engine in preparation for the 250-mile endurance run. This job would never carry the wife and three kids to the lake each summer. It is a three-wheeled "people-powered" gadget that relies mainly on its two nearly reclined passengers' ability to pedal an attenuated tandem bike. The little go-cart engine is only for the hills. Explains Student Paul Fromm, "We can go 40 or 50 m.p.h. at least it seems that fast when you're this close to the ground."

There is not much noise—now and then the throaty roar of an improperly muffled diesel, the grating whine of a hydraulic accumulator and sometimes a distant cheer from students who get a cranky car started. Many entries are over in the repair section. Berkeley's yellow, gull-winged two-seater, with students draped



Mankato State's propane-powered entry
Also people power and hydrogen.

**"You're in business?
I'm in business."**



**I'm your
branch office.**

You're in chemicals? I'm in chemicals. Cosmetics? Cattle? Me too. Whatever business you're in, wherever it takes you, I'm there—ready and waiting to help you confirm appointments, handle orders, check on shipping, keep everybody happy.

Use your Telephone Credit Card to set yourself up in business. It's always with you, it's easy to use, and the bill keeps your records straight. Wherever you need a branch office,

I'm your branch office. Use me.



Bell System



**This new multi-million
dollar blast furnace says
a lot about our future.**



You may not think the new furnace at our plant in Fairfield, Alabama looks like a space-age product—but it represents the very latest in iron-making technology. And a major investment.

For instance, it's almost totally computer controlled. Raw materials are fed into the furnace over a system of conveyors 1,000 feet long, and in quantities controlled precisely by the computer. This new furnace is much more efficient than the three older ones it replaced.

Now consider that this furnace is just one part of a modernization program at this one U.S. Steel plant. The program includes three advanced steel-making furnaces which are in operation as well as a modern coke-oven battery.

Each is a multi-million dollar investment and a commitment of major proportions. We know better equipment helps us compete with steelmakers anywhere...helps keep business, dollars, and lasting jobs here at home.

But accumulating capital for improvements like these isn't easy. Today, most major industries have difficulty acquiring sufficient funds to meet their needs for new facilities.

We think it is past time for the government to begin encouraging capital formation. All Americans stand to benefit.

Commitment. It's one of our strengths.



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It's a bit more expensive, but for an impeccable dry Martini,
the world comes to Gordon's®

American Scene

all over its chassis, is splayed open like a turkey awaiting stuffing. "A little over-haul?" asks the car owner. "Overhaul, hell!" snaps a student mechanic. "We're building it for the first time."

Feeling fairly gloomy, the car owner ambles by the Minnesota entry again. He wonders aloud about a row of plastic tabs placed at odd angles just above the rear window of a Plymouth Volare. "Vortex generators," explains a student. The little tabs cause turbulence in the air as it passes over the car, reducing "drag" and saving fuel. "Wanna see another innovation?" pipes another student from under the hood. "How 'bout this clothespin holding on the accelerator cable?"

Inside the headquarters trailer, Paisley explains why one-shot experimental vehicles often fall short of the standards required of mass-produced cars. Having to run at least 50,000 miles without failing apart is one problem. Another is meeting costly, complex Government requirements that carmakers consider an outrageous cross to bear. "When you think of all the things the industry has to do to get a car on the market, you realize what a gap there is," says Nattress. The words sound more reassuring from an independent academician. Convinced, however, that Detroit is holding out on him about the fuel-efficient car, the car owner asks Paisley why VW and Datsun and Honda get such good mileage and Detroit can't? "European and Japanese cars have had to be more economical because they haven't had our resources," Paisley replies smoothly. "They probably have a five- or ten-year jump on us in small-car development, but we're catching up." The old challenge and response trick.

Paisley is optimistic about S.C.O.R.E., far beyond the skeptical car owner's inclination to agree. "You're not seeing cast iron out there," Paisley says, nodding toward the tarmac. "You're seeing aluminum. You're not seeing eight-cylinder engines. You're seeing four and even two. You look at some of these drive trains and you can put them in a bushel basket—that's how small they are. That's an indication of the cars of the future."

When the tests end, the overall winner is a dark horse—a turbocharged, fuel-injected, gasoline-burning entry from the University of Manitoba. It is not the most fuel-efficient entry, however. That title goes to the car from Mankato State University in Minnesota, which burned propane gas at a rate of 11.41 miles per lb. But Mankato, like many others, failed to meet the EPA's minimum emissions standards. The best diesel got 89 m.p.g., the best gasoline entry only 56. Poor old Wisconsin Stout, apparently could not keep all that wonderful, inexpensive hydrogen from leaking out of its canister and never got going long enough to complete a road test. The disconsolate car owner makes a date with his local garage to tune up the old Impala.

—Barrett Seaman

Nation

TIME/SEPT. 10, 1979

Still Looking for a Leader

The nation's mood darkens and a TIME poll finds Carter losing ground

As the marathon for the presidency, 1980, begins to quicken, the American electorate is in a singularly sour and pessimistic mood. Not only is the public naturally worried about the economy, energy and inflation, but it doubts things will improve much. The country is anxious to find strong leaders—the evidence is overwhelming—and the public has little faith that Jimmy Carter has the ability, let alone the programs, to solve the nation's problems. Clearly, the search has begun for a candidate who is seen to have the sort of leadership qualities that Carter is thought to lack.

The result, according to the latest findings of a survey completed Aug. 24 for TIME by the opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly & White Inc., is that for the first time Republican Ronald Reagan is running ahead of Carter as the choice for President. Texan John Connally, though still only the fourth choice of Republicans and independents for the G.O.P. nomination, has closed the gap with Carter, and now trails the President by only four percentage points. Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker finishes in a dead heat with Carter. Both Baker and Reagan would defeat Carter among Southern Protestants, one of the President's key constituencies in 1976.

The biggest beneficiary of the current political mood of pessimism, however, is Senator Edward M. Kennedy. The TIME poll of 1,049 people shows him to be the overwhelming choice for his own party's nomination. More than twice as many Democrats (62%) would prefer to see Kennedy as their party's nominee than Carter (24%). Nearly two-thirds of all those surveyed, Republicans as well as Democrats, felt Kennedy was "acceptable," and only one in three felt he was too liberal. While President Carter would lose to Ronald Reagan, according to the poll, and barely beat Connally, Kennedy would swamp either Republican.

Carter's weak political standing was helped little by his busy summer efforts to shore up his Administration and to project a more decisive image as a national leader. More than a third of those polled thought that Carter has lately shown more leadership than in the past, but his trouble persists. Only one person in ten expressed any confidence in Carter's ability to deal with the economy. Only 13% could say that they had a lot of confidence that he could handle the energy problem. Just one in ten said he was com-

petent enough to appoint the right people to office. The naming of Hamilton Jordan as White House Chief of Staff caused 30% of those polled to say they thought less of the President for the move, while 37% said it made no difference. Only 18% approved.

There was, however, a measure of



Rating CARTER

PERCENTAGE OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN THE PRESIDENT TO:

DEAL WITH THE ECONOMY	41%
HANDLE FOREIGN AFFAIRS	33%
APPOINT THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO OFFICE	46%
HANDLE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS	34%

good news for Carter. Despite the more than 2-to-1 preference for Kennedy as the party's next nominee, 42% still believe Carter will be renominated, perhaps because many still doubt Kennedy will seek the prize. Moreover, Carter's stepped-up criticism of the Congress was greeted by more than half of those polled as positive. He gets good marks for his Middle East policies, for his moral fervor, his personal appearance, his personality and such abilities as speaking and bringing people together. Unlike other Presidents who have fallen as low as Carter in the polls, there seems to be little personal animosity directed at the man in the White House.

In many ways, this absence of hostility toward Carter is remarkable, given the bleak popular mood. The State of the Nation indicator, a TIME index measuring how people feel things are going in the country and their confidence in the future, registered a low of 19% in the most recent survey. A year ago, the indicator was 34% and in March 1977, shortly after Carter took office, it stood at 47%.

More than half the country think a recession is already under way, and another quarter believe that if a recession has not yet hit, it will soon.

Almost two-thirds agreed with Carter's own analysis that America faces a crisis of confidence. But unlike the President, who blamed the aftereffects on Viet Nam, Watergate and the selfish narcissism of the American people, those polled pointed to more immediate problems—flation and energy shortages.

The findings of the TIME survey did not register much hope that these problems will soon be solved. Those questioned had even less faith in Congress than in the President to solve the energy problem. Despite the preachings of the Carter Administration, 63% said the recent gasoline drought was "exaggerated." Still, the problem of energy was rated a serious worry by 60% of those polled, perhaps reflecting the notion that whether the shortage was exaggerated or contrived, it still existed.

Set against this national gloom and concern, prospective candidates are rising or falling on the extent to which they are seen as strong leaders. The survey found Kennedy to have the highest leadership rating of all the presidential prospects. Fifty-eight percent said they felt Kennedy was "very strong" as a leader and only 12% said he was "not strong." Ronald Reagan ranked second with figures of 40% and 18%. Connally, usually regarded by politicians as a man who projects a very strong image as a leader, has apparently not yet impressed the public. Only 27% ranked him as very strong, and 24% said he was weak. President Carter ended up at the bottom of the leadership list, below even Republicans Robert Dole, Philip Crane and George Bush. More than half of those polled said Carter was not a strong leader; only 12% thought he was.

California Governor Jerry Brown ranked above the President, but below the major Republican figures. Only 19% said Brown was a very strong leader and 38% found him lacking. For the first time in the TIME polls, Brown was also found to be unacceptable as the next President of the U.S. by a majority of those familiar with him. About one-third of those surveyed felt he was too liberal, while 8% thought him too conservative, and 29% felt he was just right. As a candidate for his party's nomination, Brown trailed Carter by only



ENERGY

PERCENTAGE OF PEOPLE WHO THINK THE GAS SHORTAGE IS EXAGGERATED:

PERCENTAGE OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN THE FOLLOWING TO DEAL WITH THE ENERGY PROBLEM:

CARTER	11%
CONGRESS	11%
THE OIL INDUSTRY	6%

seven points in April; now the margin is 16 points.

On the Republican side, Ronald Reagan has actually improved his standing despite the fact that he has not announced his candidacy and has done little campaigning. A year ago, 45% found Reagan unacceptable as the next President; that negative rating has now dropped to 38%. Among Republicans and independents, Reagan is still the first choice of 27% as the G.O.P. nominee, while Ford is picked by 24% and Howard Baker runs third at 14%. John Connally is fourth at 12%, although he is already campaigning hard and is regarded by many professionals as the most likely G.O.P. candidate to stay the course in what is already shaping up as a fascinating presidential campaign. ■

Political SWEEPSTAKES

IF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION WERE HELD TODAY, WHOM IN THE FOLLOWING PAIRINGS WOULD YOU VOTE FOR?

CARTER	38%
REAGAN	42%
NOT SURE	20%
CARTER	35%
BAKER	35%
NOT SURE	30%
CARTER	36%
CONNALLY	32%
NOT SURE	32%
KENNEDY	56%
CONNALLY	29%
NOT SURE	15%
KENNEDY	53%
REAGAN	34%
NOT SURE	13%

Change of Style at the U.N.

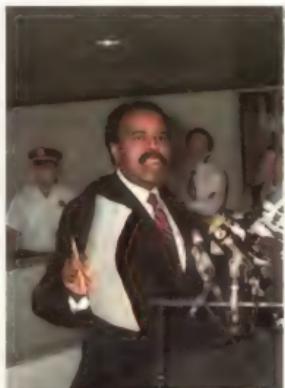
Carter picks Donald McHenry to replace Andrew Young

When U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young resigned after his secret approach to the Palestine Liberation Organization, the nation's black leaders erupted in hostility toward Jewish groups, which they blamed, somewhat unfairly, for the ouster of the highest black in Government. Last week President Carter named an adroit successor to Young: Donald F. McHenry, 42, a top deputy at the U.N. mission. Though close to Young and equally absorbed in African affairs, McHenry is a polished career diplomat who is as well known for prudence as Young is for impetuosity.

Carter had considered others for the post, including former Iowa Senator Dick Clark, former Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, Panama Canal Negotiator Sol Linowitz and Ambassador to China Leonard Woodcock. But McHenry had the advantage of being a black as well as having the support of Young. His main disadvantage was that he was not well known. Then the Soviets came to his assistance when they tried to rush Ballerina Ludmila Vlasova out of the U.S. McHenry was put in charge of the laborious negotiations with the Soviets at Kennedy Airport Deputy White House Press Secretary Rex Granum said that the President was impressed with McHenry's "toughness and coolness under fire and strong, forceful negotiating techniques." The appointment, said Young, "reaffirms the Administration's commitments to the United Nations and to the policies that we have worked together so closely on."

last week, McHenry lamented the high visibility of his new post. "It's difficult to accomplish foreign policy objectives in a fishbowl," he said. "I can't sneak around any more." But he plans to maintain something of a private life. Though divorced from his first wife, he spends as much time as he can with his two daughters, who live with him in Manhattan, and his Oxford-educated son, who is in Boston paradoxically training to be a chef.

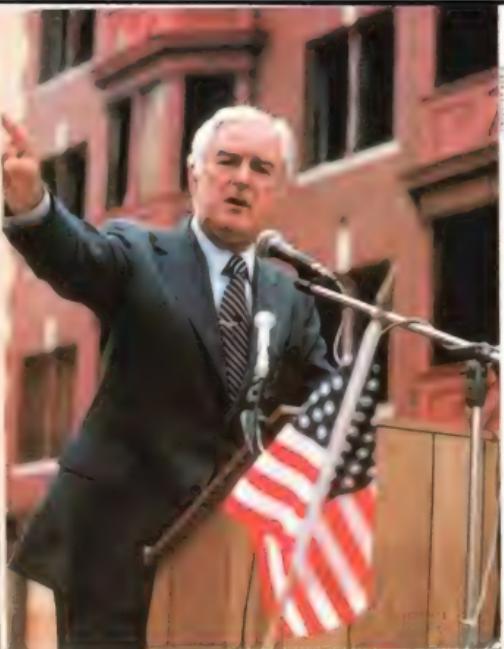
Black leaders were pleased by McHenry's appointment. Said Coretta King, the widow of Martin Luther King Jr.: "I feel he will be a tremendous asset to our nation. He will continue in the same spir-



McHenry during Ballerina Vlasova talks
Classically understated statesman.

it as Andy in terms of trying to win friends for America." The Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, was equally enthusiastic. "There may be a change in style from Andy McHenry won't be as informal, but there won't be a change in the battle for world peace." While more restrained, Jewish leaders also expressed satisfaction with Carter's choice. Said Howard Squadron, president of the American Jewish Congress: "I suspect Carter is trying to demonstrate continuity of policy and commitment to the black community. I think that's reasonable."

After he settled on McHenry, Carter returned to the subject of blacks vs Jews in a speech he gave in Atlanta last week. "Many nations," said the President, "are in danger of being torn apart by ethnic divisions, by political rivalries, by religious conflict. We must seek resolution of differences and we must stand with each other to prevent all these quarrels of the world from being imported into our own national life."



The candidate seeking votes on the streets of Providence (left) and at a rally in Du Page County, Ill.



Studying papers on a flight to San Francisco



COVER STORY

Hot on the Campaign Trail

Pursuing the presidency, Connally hopes his horse looks white

The audience is Republican, predominantly white and well-to-do. The listeners' eyes are fixed intently on the tall, handsome, silver-haired speaker. They examine him carefully, skeptically, expectantly. They search for a clue to the character of this glamorous ex-Governor, ex-Democrat, ex-Cabinet member and crony of many Presidents, who now declares that he can provide the leadership the nation needs. Says he: "In 1980 we must change the course of history."

John Bowden Connally Jr., 62, was speaking to 1,500 party loyalists at a candidates' forum in Chicago, but the mood and curiosity were repeated in 25 cities in ten states last month as he cantered north from his Texas ranch in his quest for the White House. He has paced himself carefully, first courting the faithful of his adopted party and luring many of its leaders into his camp, then hitting the board rooms where his fund-raising ability is legendary. This month he will be on the road for 25 days in 16 states. His extravagant television campaign, which



Nellie and John stumping side by side
They all ask the same questions.

highlights his service as Texas Governor, Navy Secretary and Treasury Secretary, will hit screens wherever there are votes.

Connally still has a long way to go. The Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. poll for TIME shows that he stands fourth among Republicans, well behind Front Runner Ronald Reagan. One of his difficulties is that some Republicans think he still lacks legitimacy and are embarrassed to support him openly. "There are still a lot of myths about me," Connally told TIME Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajeman. "I've got to clear them up." But his ability to excite crowds and raise money causes many political experts to believe that if he can surmount those "myths," the tall Texan is the most formidable Republican challenger for the presidency. Richard Nixon himself phones occasionally to offer encouragement and to predict the polls will change.

Connally's sure, deep voice exudes confidence, comforting and commanding his Chicago audience like a wise small-town sheriff. Speaking without a prepared text, he ticks off facts and figures, devel-



Explaining his vision of the future and answering questions about his past in Orange County, Calif., (left), and in Clearwater, Fla.

oping his arguments lucidly and engaging his listeners with a tone of careful sincerity. He is always controlled, raising his voice only for emphasis. Yet he comes across as a vibrant orator, striking an emphatic rhythm like an oldtime Democrat. His Texan images are simple but colorful: the stubborn steer, the weak-kneed politician, the businessman cowering in fear of the Government. Connally has the earthiness of a backland tenant farmer's son and the urbanity of a successful international financier. He is clever enough to be self-deprecating at times, but he radiates such an enormous sense of self-confidence and self-mastery as to seem almost invulnerable. Like it or not, the brand of a unique personality is there.

The U.S. is becoming shamefully vulnerable, he tells his audience. In the past eight years the national debt has gone up from \$400 billion to \$800 billion. "Try to get a ton of steel into France and see what happens," he taunts. "If the French steel industry doesn't want it, the government will automatically back them up." America, he says, should not allow other countries to push our economy around or subject us to an unfair trade disadvantage. In a line that echoes throughout his campaign he says: "I'd tell the Japanese that unless they opened up to more American products they'd better be prepared to sit on the docks of Yokohama in their Toyotas watching their Sony sets, because they



His money-raising fetes, this one in La Jolla, Calif., reap up to \$1,000 per guest



aren't going to ship them here." And the Soviets, he says, are heading toward a strategic arms superiority. "I assure you, my friends, those Soviet missiles are not aimed at Mexico or Canada, they're aimed right at us." He tells them that Jimmy Carter is an amateur and that Congress must be led, exhorted, punished if need be. He talks of a Government-busi-

ness partnership to lead the economy and the world.

The crowd roars. Many in the audience see Connally as a powerful, take-charge leader who can get things done. His is a forceful style that seems attractive to many, including blue-collar workers who might be expected to disagree with him on many issues. There is a widespread sense that the U.S. is no longer in control of its destiny, pushed to and fro by forces that it once dominated. Could a tough President reassert America's role in a world that has become increasingly reluctant to be led by the U.S.? Is forceful leadership enough to re-establish confidence at home and overcome the negative influence of strong, single-issue groups? Republican supporters claim Connally has precisely those abilities. Says New York Republican National Committeeman Richard Rosenbaum: "What people seem to like about him is they think he can walk into the Oval Office and turn things around right away." Says New Hampshire Republican Marshall Cobleigh: "The minute Connally comes into a room, you can feel he's a leader." Adds Gay Suber, a 1976 delegate for Gerald Ford from South Carolina: "He's got something this country sorely needs—strong, dynamic leadership and charisma."

But when the cheering stops, the questions begin. Dynamism begets polarity: what some see as leadership, others feel is Texas-style manipulation and oppor-



John B. IV, grandfather's ardent supporter
"We must change the course of history."

Nation



Kennedy, Connally and Johnson at the White House in 1961

"They think you're a hillbilly, a hillbilly from the hill country," said Connally, "and they'll never accept you."

tunism, even menacing egotism. And there are those "myths," really four stubborn problems that come up again and again. "They all ask the same questions," says Connally's wife Nellie, her pert face wincing slightly. But Connally welcomes the questions, knowing that he must turn the negatives around by meeting them head-on. So he has a careful response ready for each of them.

1) The wheeler-dealer image. One of the first questioners in Chicago uses that very term and asks Connally how he answers the charge. "If you mean someone who knows how to deal with Congressmen and Senators," he says, jutting his jaw, "then I plead guilty. I'm a wheeler-dealer. If you're talking about someone who can negotiate with world leaders on an equal basis and not be a tail-end Charlie, then I'm a wheeler-dealer. If you're talking about someone who is smart enough to go into a horse trade with a good, sound horse and not come out with one that's one-eyed and spavined, then I'm that."

2) The turncoat charge. As late as 1970, then Democrat Connally told a group of Texas moneymen that they should not defect and support Republican Senate Candidate George Bush. Said he: "Some of you are inclined to feel at home in the Republican Party. But the trouble is they won't give you a key to the house. If you think you can move in and have any influence with Republicans, you're making a bad mistake." Connally "moved in" less than three years later. Why did he switch parties? He says he had become uncomfortable with high-spending Democratic policies and soaring national debt. He reminds Republicans that Watergate had already started when he joined the G.O.P. Says he: "I joined you in the greatest depths of the fortunes of this party, when the party was down, so I can't be accused of opportunism." He sometimes adds a footnote, that if lifelong Republicanism is a litmus test, then Reagan, who was a Democrat until 1962, must also be disqualified.



With Humphrey and L.B.J. after '64 election

3) The White House tapes. When the existence of the White House tapes became public knowledge, Connally's aggressive advice to his friend Nixon was to destroy them quickly. "Call in a group of witnesses, make sure it's in the open, but burn them," he proposed. Nixon declined the advice, and lost his presidency.



Breakfasting with Ford in 1977

The tapes are now being catalogued in a closely guarded Washington archive. Some Republicans fear that release of the tapes (not expected for at least two more years) could severely damage Connally, as could a few well-timed leaks. Although they must contain hours of pivotal talks between the two men, Connally says that there is "not a thing" on the tapes he is ashamed of and that he does not worry about their release.

4) The milk trial. In 1974 Connally was indicted by a Watergate grand jury for accepting \$10,000 from milk producers while he was Treasury Secretary in return for urging the President to increase price supports. At the trial, a 1971 White House tape was played in which Connally urged Nixon to support the price rise for political reasons: "They're going to make their associations and alliances this year and they're going to spend a lot of money." Nixon received campaign pledges totaling \$2 million from the dairy industry and raised price supports 27¢ per cwt. But Connally was acquitted of the



Entertaining President Nixon at his Texas ranch in 1972

"Very few people know how to handle power, how to keep it from overcoming them."

charge. When the inevitable question arises, Connally retorts: "I'm the only certified not-guilty candidate running in either party. The jury heard the evidence and said, 'not guilty.' What more do you want?"

Even though he was acquitted, Connally's actions on behalf of the milk producers are considered by his critics an illustration of his view of corporate interests. Says one Texas politician who has followed Connally closely: "The real danger in the milk fund case is the manipulation of Government policy to fit business interests, encouraging Nixon to raise milk support prices to extract political money." Says former *Texas Observer* Publisher Ronnie Dugger, a longtime Connally critic: "Corporate interests and Government interests? They're all the same to him." Another Texas political foe asks, "Can you imagine Connally's administration going after some big corporation that was behaving badly?"

Self-Made Millionaire Connally, who as Treasury Secretary led the fight to bail out ailing Lockheed, makes no apologies for his ardent support of milk producers, large oil companies or Big Business in general. "Business creates jobs, and business needs help," he says, citing the declining productivity figures of U.S. industry as compared with those of other industrial nations. The U.S., he says, is discouraging trade and capital formation, while other countries are doing the opposite. That is an idea whose time has come, at least among the experts: even many liberal economists now believe that Government regulation should be eased and tax policies changed in order to stimulate investment. Connally denies that his strong pro-business stance makes him a mere wagon master for corporate America. Says he: "Corporations can be monitored. They can be audited. But right now they're so scared of Government they don't dare stick their heads out. The idea that I would be a toady for Big Business, that I would let myself be exploited, that I would use Government to help corporations, is another of those myths. Hell, if I wanted to help myself, I'd denounce Big Business."

Connally's support of Big Business is not balanced, critics charge, by compassion for the workers and the poor. Symbolic, they say, was his confrontation with farm workers who were on a 64-day, 468-mile march to Austin in the summer of 1966 to seek a \$1.25 minimum wage. Governor Connally drove out to them in his limousine to tell them in person that he was absolutely opposed to their demands and would not meet them in his office. Nevertheless, more than 6,000 marchers did converge on Austin on Labor Day, and Connally was out of town. Says San

Antonio Congressman Henry Gonzalez: "I don't think he has the temperament to care about little people, not the way Lyndon Johnson did." Former Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, who testified as a character witness for Connally at his milk trial, wrote in her memoirs that she remembers how she was standing on a platform with him when word came of Martin Luther King Jr.'s death and the Governor said, "Those who live by the sword die by the sword."

Some conservatives, too, have their doubts about Connally's concept of the roles of Government and business. They view him as a corporate statist with proclivities toward Big Government, one who would enhance federal power along with business interests. When Connally met with a group of new-right leaders in a converted garage near the Capitol this summer, they grilled him on this point and also about his support of the Equal Rights Amendment and his refusal to support an antiabortion amendment. Connally answered the questions as bluntly as they were delivered, defending his positions.

WALTER RENNEY



With Nellie at the House Assassinations Committee hearing

He predicts that Ted Kennedy will be his opponent.

Despite the doubts of the ideologists of the new right, most of whom are already committed to Reagan or Congressman Philip Crane, Connally's positions are generally conservative. He favors the SALT II treaty only if considerable new money is allocated for cruise missiles and other weapons, advocates a federal tax cut of \$50 billion to \$100 billion, opposes national health insurance, pushes strongly for nuclear power and the loosening of pollution laws to allow more use of coal, favors deregulation of oil with a provision that profits be plowed back to increase production, and opposes gun control. His coup in luring right-wing Fund Raiser Richard Viguerie away from the Crane campaign has been important not so much for the money Viguerie might bring in as for the alliance Viguerie has with conservatives.

Some say the reason Connally so en-

joys "deep rugs and rich people," as one Connally watcher put it, is that he was born so poor. Not that he tries to hide his hardscrabble heritage; indeed, he revels in recalling his barefoot days behind a plow and reading by a kerosene lamp. He was the fourth of eight children born to John Bowden Connally and Leila Wright. The senior Connally, a tall and lean man with strongly etched features that he passed on to his son, was a tenant farmer, a butcher, a barber, a bus driver. He finally realized his dream of owning the land he worked by buying, when the younger Connally was in high school, a 1,000-acre ranch outside Floresville, a tiny crossroads town 30 miles southeast of San Antonio.

Connally's father was a strong influence on him. "It was best not to cross him, especially when he was drinking," recalls the son, who stays away from hard liquor, "but he had a great sense of fairness." He once took a horsewhip to a group of boys who had made a practice of beating up his eldest son. "You go home and let your fathers know who did this to you," he said, "because if it happens again, I'll do the same to them." Young Johnnie's goals back then were to be a cowboy, a lawyer and a preacher; one Christmas he asked for a gun, a rope and a Bible.

At the University of Texas he became involved in the Curtain Club, a drama organization. One of the program notes describes the young actor: "His ambition is to be critic-at-large of things-as-they-are." For a production of Ferenc Molnár's *Liliom*, in which he played opposite Eli Wallach, the prompter was Iddan Brill, who was to become Bluebonnet Belle, Queen of the Texas Relays, University of Texas Sweetheart and later Connally's wife Nellie. He was becoming more and more interested in politics. The student body was divided between the Greek social fraternity members and the poorer students, who were known as barbs (for barbarians). Connally managed a tough and successful battle to become one of the first barb presidents of the student assembly. He was also a campus salesman for Beech-Nut chewing gum.

He stuffed envelopes for a young politician making his first bid for Congress—Lyndon Johnson. He followed to Washington as one of Johnson's congressional aides. His marriage to Nellie in 1940 was a double bonding, for by asking Johnson to serve as his best man, Connally sealed a Faulknerian love-hate link between the two proud Texas politicians—Johnson the admiring but often jealous mentor. Connally the headstrong protégé. Connally would end up working on most of Johnson's subsequent campaigns. But the tempestuous quality of that relationship appeared as early as 1941, when Connally, after arguing over whether to make

Nation

Johnson's kidney stone problem public, was banished from L.B.J.'s ranch like Absalom from the House of David.

During World War II, Connally served in the South Pacific as group combat information officer with the Navy on the aircraft carriers *Essex* and *Bennington*, rising to the rank of Lt. Commander. Retired Admiral David McDonald, former Chief of Naval Operations, was serving with Connally when the *Essex* was attacked by a kamikaze pilot. Recalls McDonald: "When you see a man operate under the pressure we had, night and day, sometimes 72 hours straight, you get an idea of his character and stamina. That guy had it."

The war over, Connally renewed his association with Johnson, who helped him with ten other men back from the war buy an Austin radio station, named KVET for the veterans who ran it. In 1948 Connally returned the favor by managing the Senate race that earned Johnson the ironic sobriquet "Landslide Lyndon." After the preliminary count showed Johnson trailing, a "corrected vote" was reported in south Texas. The results gave 202 additional votes for Johnson and one more vote for his opponent, enabling Johnson to win by a "landslide" of 87 votes. Once again Connally followed his patron to Washington. Johnson called him "my boy John," but he was also adopted by his mentor's own mentor, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, the master of backstage maneuvering.

Connally, not a man for the shadows, soon hankered after a political career of his own. "But Nellie and I decided," he recalls, "that I shouldn't run for anything until we had financial independence." For what he calls his "moneymaking years," Connally found another successful man to hitch onto, Oil Baron Sid W. Richardson, whose fortune in the '40s was estimated at more than \$150 million. In return for acting as his troubleshooter, Connally got help from Richardson to put together some lucrative deals of his own, and Connally took to the business the way a Texas steer takes to Bermuda grass. When Richardson died in 1959, Connally was named a co-executor of the estate. His fee: \$750,000. For tax purposes, Connally received the amount spread over a decade, which led to charges that he was secretly accepting \$75,000 a year during



Self-assurance in boyhood



Lela and John B. Connally Sr.
"It was best not to cross him."

Johnson's unsuccessful bid for the Democratic presidential nomination. Connally contended that John Kennedy was suffering from Addison's disease, a charge that Kennedy Aide Pierre Salinger described as "far beyond the latitude of fair play, even in the rough-and-tumble of convention politics." Nevertheless, at the urging of Rayburn and Johnson, Connally was made Secretary of the Navy in the new Kennedy Administration. He threw himself into the job, but he soon showed signs of restlessness with day-to-day administration. He quit in 1961 to go back to Texas and run for Governor.

His six years in Austin showed that he was no political clone of Lyndon Johnson. Both fiscally and socially, he was more conservative. Says Hank Brown, who then headed the state AFL-CIO: "I've seen him stand and talk about industrial safety, then nothing happened. He fought the minimum wage, he lowered taxes on banks, he lowered taxes on business, and he raised the sales tax." He both doubled state spending and raised the budget surplus—and he built a political machine that lasted a decade. His administration was untainted by scandal. And though many of his views displeased minority leaders, Congressman Gonzalez notes: "I was never able to get any other Governor to appoint as many blacks and Hispanics to high positions."

But even his friends admit that he was often an indifferent administrator, bored by the daily routine of office. His political popularity was only assured after he was struck by the gunfire that killed John Kennedy.

Connally's first advice when Johnson became President was that he should set about ridding his Administration of Kennedy loyalists. Said he: "They think you're a hillbilly, a hillbilly from the hill country, and they'll never accept you." When he pressed the advice, Johnson only stared at him coldly. Connally never followed Johnson's tactic of trying to win the love of his enemies. In retrospect he says: "They made his life miserable. He wasted four years trying to win them over."

Connally first publicly broke with his political godfather when he openly opposed Johnson's Public Accommodations Law, which outlawed racial discrimination in hotels, restaurants and other public places. He also refused to spend some of Johnson's pet poverty program funds allocated to Texas. The wires between the White House and the Austin statehouse hummed. Johnson at one point badly needed Connally's support for a project but the Governor would not talk to him; the President phoned a startled Congressman Gonzalez at midnight and asked him to persuade the prodigal protégé for him.

But their feuds were family quarrels: they remained cronies through it all. In October 1967 George Christian called upon Connally in Texas and told him that Johnson had secretly decided not to run for another term. Lady Bird Johnson was the only other person to know. They prepared a draft of a withdrawal announcement for the January 1968 State of the Union message, but Connally thought the timing was inappropriate and Johnson held back. When the announcement came in March, Johnson confided immediately to Connally that he regretted the move, and continued to look for ways to retain his office. On the Tuesday of the week of the Democratic convention, Johnson sent Connally to see Hubert Humphrey. Connally warned the Vice President not to break with Johnson over the Viet Nam War, or he would begin a draft-Johnson movement at the following day's roll call. Humphrey's eyes filled with tears. "I never imagined a candidate for President could be talked to like that," says one man who heard Connally on that occasion.

Connally campaigned in Texas for Humphrey in that 1968 campaign, but he first played the other side, helping Nixon raise money from some of his state's oil and gas millionaires. Nixon reciprocated by asking him to be Secretary of Defense and later Secretary of the Treasury. Both offers Connally refused, preferring his lucrative Texas law practice (his income averages nearly \$500,000 per year). But in December 1970, when the Treasury post



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Nation

was offered again, Connally accepted. Nixon cared relatively little for economics, and he was in awe of Connally's self-assurance, so he gave the Treasury Secretary a lot of leeway in which to operate. Connally's actions were gruff and abrasive, as if he were playing in a high-stakes poker game, and he often offended foreign finance ministers. But he was able to negotiate a much-needed realignment of currencies, devaluing the dollar by 7.9% the year he took office. He also formulated and enforced the Administration's unsuccessful wage and price controls, a policy he now says was mistaken. Not one content to be minding only his own business, he gave Nixon advice on a broad range of issues, stepping on the toes of a few Cabinet colleagues and Nixon advisers. When he left after 15 months, partly in frustration with the President's protective staff, Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson said, "The State Department is

having a going-away party; it's now in its 32nd hour." Says New York Financier Felix Rohatyn: "I think he has a rather confrontationist attitude. I don't think that's a viable proposition any more."

Connally headed the Democrats for Nixon in 1972 and returned to Washington during the Watergate crisis for 2½ months as a presidential adviser. But it was not until 1973, soon after the death of the Texas politician who first brought him to Washington, that he finally switched parties. One political confidant says Connally joined the Cabinet and later became a Republican because Nixon had promised to help him become President. Muses Connally: "Nixon said a lot of things to me. He told me he'd never make Kissinger Secretary of State. I knew what to believe and what not to."

After departing Washington for his

ranch and returning as a partner with his Houston firm, Vinson & Elkins, he joined the boards of six major corporations, where he gained the contacts that have made him the first choice of the country's business managers. Says Dr Pepper Co. Chairman W.W. ("Footh") Clements: "He has a very incisive mind. He understands a problem and solution quickly."

For the 1980 presidential race, Connally's strategy is to make at least a respectable showing in the first few contests. In Iowa, which begins selecting delegates in January, Reagan has much stronger grass-roots support, and George Bush has the backing of many of the state's Republican leaders (a solid 534 prominent activists announced support of him last week). Connally did not even open an office there until last month, and because of the precinct caucus system, a good organization, which Reagan and

The Milk Case Revisited

The case that continues to haunt John Connally—despite his acquittal—was a complex web of accusations. Watergate prosecutors investigating President Nixon's campaign finances began to concentrate in October of 1973 on donations by dairymen. By August of 1974, the Government had amassed enough evidence to win a Washington grand jury indictment charging Connally on five counts for having allegedly accepted \$10,000 from Associated Milk Producers, Inc., the nation's largest dairy cooperative.

Most of the Government's case rested on information provided by Jake Jacobsen, a Texas lawyer who was once an aide in the Johnson White House and who had long been Connally's friend. Jacobsen faced numerous charges of fraud and perjury. In plea bargaining, these charges were dropped; but he pleaded guilty to a single count of bribery and agreed to testify against Connally. He maintained that during a talk in Connally's office at the Treasury Department on April 28, 1971, Connally asked for money for himself in return for his help in persuading President Nixon to increase milk price supports. When this was relayed to the Associated Milk Producers, said Jacobsen, who was an attorney for the co-op, it gave him \$10,000, which he delivered to Connally in two \$5,000 installments later that year. But Connally got nervous, according to Jacobsen, when a Watergate grand jury began looking into the dairymen's contributions. Jacobsen said that he and Connally met in an Austin hotel and concocted a cover story. If they were ever questioned about the money, said Jacobsen, they would both maintain that while it had been offered to Connally, he had refused it and Jacobsen had put it in a bank safe-deposit box. To back up this alibi, according to Jacobsen, Connally then handed over a cigar box containing \$10,000, which was soon stashed in an Austin bank.

Lending some credence to Jacobsen's account were travel and telephone records confirming the dates on which he said he had seen or called Connally. And when the FBI opened the safe-deposit box, it found that some of the bills inside probably had been put into circulation later than May 1971—the date on which they were supposed to have been locked up according to the cover story.

The case against Connally, however, depended on Jacobsen's word. Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams, hired by Connally for a reported \$250,000 fee, hammered away at Jacobsen's testimony. In a number of instances, he forced the central prosecution witness to back down and acknowledge that he was unsure of some details. Williams also emphasized that Jacobsen, on other occasions, had admitted perjury. Cumulatively, this eroded Jacobsen's credibility and enhanced Connally's. Perhaps no less important was the parade of celebrated witnesses who testified to Connally's integrity. They included: the Rev. Billy Graham, Lady Bird Johnson and former Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Among the most important was Texas Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, who said she delayed agreeing to speak up for Connally for a week, partly because she felt she was "being used . . . because [Washington] is an overwhelmingly black town" but finally testified on his behalf for the sake of fairness.

Throughout the proceedings, Connally did not budge from his insistence that he had not taken the money. By the end of the three-week trial, there seemed to be only one issue: Who was telling the truth: Connally or Jacobsen?

John Connally's future was turned over to a federal jury of four men and eight women, ten of them black. Conviction would not only have destroyed his career but could have led to a sentence of up to four years in prison, a fine of as much as \$20,000, plus possible further prosecution on perjury and conspiracy charges. After five hours of deliberation, the jurors declared the defendant not guilty. Jacobsen was sentenced to two years' probation.



Connally's accuser Jake Jacobsen in 1975

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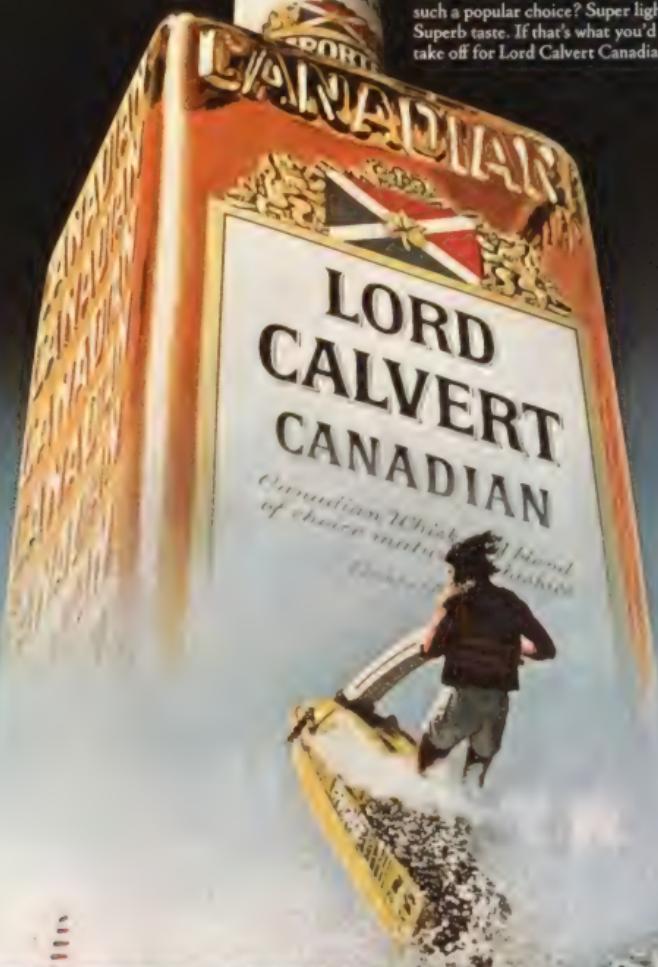
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The master breeder with some of his Santa Gertrudis cattle on his ranch "Picoso" near Floresville, Texas

HANS HAMMUTH

"I pick my friends carefully, watching them a long time before I commit. I'm aloof. I know that. I have very few close friends."

Bush have, is crucial. His organizational strength has also been unimpressive in New Hampshire, where Reagan is so far ahead that he's practically out of everyone's sight.

In March, however, Connally hopes to leap ahead with big victories in Florida and Illinois, thinking he can there eliminate his conservative challenger from California. "If I can nick Reagan," he says, "he will come down fast." Reagan is now rated as the front runner in Florida, but Connally will take advantage of his burgeoning bankroll and put a large part of it into that race. (He has been stumping recently for support in Florida's November party convention, which will conduct a nonbinding "beauty contest," and two weeks ago, he was able to run about even with Reagan in one of the first county gatherings.) In Illinois, party leaders in both houses of the legislature, the state G.O.P. finance committee chairman and most G.O.P. state central committeemen have signed on for the Connally campaign. Governor James Thompson is being cultivated and allowed to envision himself as a potential Vice President. In April's Wisconsin and Pennsylvania primaries, Connally hopes to take on either Bush or Howard Baker, whichever is still standing.

Connally has proved to be a phenomenal fund raiser, bringing in \$2.2 million in the first half of this year, compared with Crane's \$1.7 million, Bush's \$1.5 million, Reagan's \$1.4 million, and Baker's \$643,000. His string of lavish money-raising fêtes—usually gatherings of a wealthy handful at stately homes from Newport to Easthampton to Orange County, Calif., bring in up to \$1,000 per guest, the legal maximum. But he can also excite rank-and-file donors. Said Cook County Republican Leader Sharon Sharp: "After you hear Connally, you want to run up and give him a check." Candidate Robert Dole la-

mented recently to a meeting of his Massachusetts supporters: "When John Connally comes to Boston, he takes out a vacuum cleaner and sucks up all the money."

Connally hopes his forceful style will help him cut across ideological lines and win support from blacks and workers who have opposed him in the past. At a building trades convention in New Jersey this summer, his rousing speech had union members cheering. Labor leaders passed the word to hold back on providing him many more such forums. He campaigned last month in black and ethnic neighborhoods of Providence, and has hired a Chicago firm to devise a strategy to lure black votes.

Connally is a restless man, quick to size up a situation and quick to grow bored with it. He is compulsive and meticulous, or to polish his shiny shoes with a tissue or to straighten pictures on the wall. Despite an easy and cordial manner, he has a strong sense of privacy, always keeping a certain distance. "I pick my friends carefully," he says, "watching them for a long time before I commit. I'm aloof. I know that. I have very few close friends." Connally's temper is sharp, his sense of loyalty demanding. He has barely spoken to Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen Jr., long a close friend, after Bentsen did not testify as a character witness in the mills trial.

Every good old Texas boy dreams of having cattle, money and power. As he sits in front of the stately stone main house on his 10,000-acre ranch, Picoso, near his birthplace, with cicadas chirping in the spotlighted trees and the lush coastal Bermuda grass, the last of these desires seems to be the only one unfulfilled. Near by is a ring for his quarter horses and another ring for showing his cattle. "I think I've got the finest herd of young bulls in the country," the master breeder proudly

boasts of his shiny red Santa Gertrudis cattle. He and Nellie have three children and seven grandchildren. They are avid antique collectors, and their home, furnished partly from their travels and partly from carefully following estate auctions, contains screens from Bali, Persian carpets, eleven hand-carved doors, a marble dining room floor from a London mansion, plus a wide collection of Southwest American art.

Squinting his eyes narrow like a trail scout contemplating the next set of hills, Connally considers his ride away from these surroundings to pursue the presidency. Says he: "Very few people know how to handle power, how to keep it from overcoming them. Other people become so obsequious." To him, weak leadership portends anarchy, and he sees that in the Carter Administration. Ted Kennedy, he predicts, will be his opponent, pitting two forceful and persuasive politicians against each other. Neither of them an ideologue, but they offer a clear difference in philosophy. "For years I've thought we'd run against each other," he says. "I didn't know when or why, but I've just thought it would happen."

In the morality campaign of 1976, a Connally candidacy would have been almost unthinkable. But the pendulum of American political preferences seems always swinging, moving from a fear of an imperial leader to a fear of a weak one, from a desire for a moral President to a desire for a shrewd horse trader. So, as Johnson and Nixon begat Carter, now Carter could just conceivably beget John Connally, if the horse-trading rancher can satisfy skeptical Americans that his steed is white and he will never come home with a spavined and one-eyed nag.

*His eldest daughter Kathleen, whom he fondly called Kay-Kay, was killed when her young husband came home one night and found her threatening suicide with a shotgun. When he tried to take it from her, the weapon went off. The death was ruled accidental.

Heritage of Watergate

A special prosecutor may have to probe the Jordan affair

Did Hamilton Jordan really snort cocaine on that 1978 visit to Manhattan's far-out Studio 54? The possibility is growing stronger that a special prosecutor will have to be appointed to investigate the evening's entertainment enjoyed by the White House chief of staff. Under the stringent provisions of the 1978 Ethics in Government Act, there may be no other way to determine whether it is Jordan or his accusers who are telling the truth.

Two new witnesses turned up last week. One, a show business public relations agent named Barry Landau, provided the first corroboration of part of the story—though not the crucial part—told by lawyers for Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, two owners of the celebrated disco. They are under indictment for tax evasion, and Schrager has also been charged with possession of cocaine. The White House has accused them of concocting false charges against Jordan in order to bargain for leniency. Landau, who said he had met Jordan at various receptions and dinners, has no such obvious ax to grind, though he is a crony of Rubell's. Said he, in a sworn statement given to the FBI:

"I was at Studio 54 when I ran into Hamilton Jordan ... He said he wanted to see where all the action was, where the famous basement caves were and if he could obtain some cocaine ... Shortly thereafter Steve Rubell appeared, whom I proceeded to introduce to Ham and his lady friends. A young man who is referred to as Johnny C and whom I know by sight and reputation as the man who always seems to put his fingers on such items as Ham had requested, suddenly appeared. They [Jordan, Rubell and Johnny C] disappeared for a while." Rubell had earlier said that during the disappearance Johnny C slipped Jordan some coke and Rubell watched him snort some.

Last week, however, the FBI found Johnny C. TIME learned two details of his statement: he said his name is John Conaghan—and he denied ever giving Jordan any cocaine. That contradicted a statement he allegedly made on tape to Studio 54's owners. The FBI interviewed four other people who had been with Jordan at Studio 54; none had observed any use of cocaine.

However the Studio 54 incident turns out, Administration supporters fear that new accusations of White House aides using drugs may come from other sources. Since early in the Carter Administration, in fact, there has been talk in Washington of such practices. Indeed, the matter came up explicitly in July 1978, when Dr.



White House Chief of Staff Jordan
More accusations, more denials.

Peter Bourne, health policy adviser to the White House, had to quit his post after he had improperly prescribed a drug for a friend. At the time, sources charged that Bourne himself had used cocaine. He told a New York Times reporter that there was "a high incidence" of marijuana and occasional cocaine use among members of the White House staff.

Jordan has denied all the Studio 54 charges, and the case is hardly the kind Congress had in mind when it drafted the Ethics in Government Act. The law began to take shape after President Nixon



Celebrity Hound Landau at Studio 54
"He wanted to see where the action was."

fired Watergate Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Congress set out to specify in detail the powers and tenure of a special prosecutor.

As finally passed, the law compels the Attorney General to begin a preliminary investigation whenever he "receives specific information" that a high federal official (the President, Cabinet Secretaries, senior White House staffers, the director of the CIA and others) "has committed a violation of any federal criminal law." The only exception is for a "petty offense," punishable by less than six months in jail. Simple possession of cocaine can draw a one-year sentence. The Attorney General must—not may—ask a panel of three federal judges to appoint a special prosecutor within 90 days unless the preliminary investigation determines the charges to be so flimsy that they do not warrant a deeper probe.

Trouble is, say Justice Department officials, there is almost no way for a preliminary investigation to establish that. Under the department's interpretation, it cannot subpoena witnesses, for example, or enter into plea bargaining. Both powers are granted to the special prosecutor. In consequence, top Justice officials fear, they may be forced to appoint a special prosecutor in the Jordan case.

Critics charge that the law practically invites opponents to smear high officials by making charges that, although false, cannot be disproved during a preliminary investigation. Defenders of the law argue that in some cases only exoneration by a special prosecutor can free a Government leader of the suspicion that allegations against him were covered up. But Justice officials last week were admitting that the very appointment of a special prosecutor would convince many Americans that Jordan had done something wrong.

Another case involving Jordan last week showed why a special prosecutor is sometimes needed. The Justice Department has impaneled a grand jury to investigate charges by a Georgia businessman that fugitive Financier Robert Vesco attempted to get Jordan and Charles Kirby, a Carter adviser, to block his extradition from the Bahamas to the U.S., where Vesco faces trial for fraud. Since the probe began before the Ethics Act was passed, the Justice Department decided that the law did not apply. Last week Ralph E. Ulmer submitted to Federal Judge William B. Bryant his resignation as foreman of the grand jury and accused the Administration of "duplicity." Among other things, he said, "information was withheld from the grand jury" and "a witness was encouraged to be less than candid with the FBI." Whatever the truth of these charges, they are exactly the kind of ugly accusations that appointment of a special prosecutor is supposed to dispel. ■

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Vietnamese man viewing his car windshield smashed by rampaging youths in Denver; woman fleeing city's troubled housing project

The Not-So-Promised Land?

Indochinese refugees fight suspicion and hostility

Shortly after 6 a.m. last Tuesday, World Airways Flight 031 touched down at California's Travis Air Force Base. A stream of 396 Indochinese refugees began to struggle down the stairway with their makeshift shopping-bag luggage, pausing at the bottom to fold their hands and bow formally to the flight attendants. After a briefing in Khmer and Lao and the processing of health forms, the refugees were hustled aboard buses and taken to a Travelodge motel for introductory lessons on American life: how to operate light switches, how to use a toilet. Many stood on the motel's second-floor balcony and stared uncomprehendingly at the rush of traffic below. Others squatted on the pink sidewalk and simply gazed at their feet. They had journeyed several centuries in 19 hours, and the shock would be a long time wearing off.

It was a typical first day in America for the dispossessed Indochinese, who are now flowing into the country at the rate of 12,000 a month. So far, the U.S. has taken in some 50,000 boat people and other refugees from the current upheaval, the highest total by far of any Western host country. New arrivals, who tend to cluster in California and the Gulf Coast region of Texas, are given free English lessons and job training, and access to Medicaid and welfare. Nine major voluntary agencies, including the U.S. Catholic Conference and the Protestant Church World Service, match arrivals with reliable sponsors who will help them adjust to their new life. The U.S. gives the voluntary agencies \$350 per refugee.

Despite the aid, refugees are discovering that assimilation is far from automatic. There are the usual problems of language and loneliness. The months and often years spent in the crowded squalor of the resettlement camps have taken

their toll: malnutrition is widespread, and cases of tuberculosis are found.

But far worse in the long run may be American resentment. Although a recent Gallup poll found that 57% of those questioned said that refugees would be welcome in their communities, a call-in poll sponsored by the San Francisco Chronicle found that 73% of 24,000 phoners opposed the influx of boat people.

In a few cases, suspicion has already turned to hostility. In Denver, 18 refugee families fled from their dilapidated housing project two weeks ago after a brick-and-bottle battle between the Vietnamese and their Chicano neighbors. Four families have since returned. Although the fight was sparked by a Chicano thief, some of the Chicanos mistakenly thought that their neighbors had fought against the U.S. in Viet Nam.

The worst incident so far occurred last month in Seadrift, Texas (pop. 1,000), where some 120 Vietnamese had settled to work in crab processing plants. The Vietnamese rapidly saved up enough money to buy their own fishing boats. American fishermen accused them of undercutting market prices and of violating longstanding "gentlemen's agreements," like keeping crab traps a suitable distance from those of competitors.

On Aug. 3, Billy Joe Aplin, 35, a local fisherman, was shot and killed in an argument on a pier; two Vietnamese brothers were indicted. That night three of the refugees' boats were burned and a home was firebombed. Most of them fled. Although many Vietnamese have trickled back, the tension persists.

Ironically, many refugees have aroused indignation for working too hard, not too little. Vietnamese fishermen are willing to labor longer and for less than their American counterparts, and they

fish in far rougher seas and weather. Similarly, a union official in one Chicago factory complained that the Indochinese workers were making the regular employees look bad. "Employers cannot get enough of them," says Governor Robert Ray of Iowa, whose state has accepted nearly 4,000 refugees.

In many ways, however, the latest refugees are worse off than their predecessors, who came with the first wave of Indochinese refugees after South Viet Nam fell. While earlier refugees often brought some money with them, most of the latest immigrants have bartered their cash for their lives and must begin penniless. According to a report by the General Accounting Office, the newcomers are generally less educated and less likely to speak English. The GAO found that "some refugees, particularly some Hmong Lao, cannot read or write in their own languages and are virtually unexposed to Western culture." They must be taught, it continued, to do such elementary things as diaper their babies and not burn firewood on top of their stoves.

The newcomers do have one advantage: many are joining family members who are already established in thriving Vietnamese communities. Yen Thi Duong, 40, recently arrived in Atlanta with her daughter and two children of her brother. Duong Xuan Phong, who had settled earlier in Atlanta with his wife Nga, Yen had sailed from Viet Nam last February on a rickety boat with 60 other people. Although the Malaysians opened fire on the refugees when they first tried to land, and many were later raped or robbed, the foursome wound up safely at a camp and were allowed to immigrate to America. "We have a different life and different customs," says Nga, who is a hospital technician, while her husband has qualified for his pharmacist license in the U.S. "But we can't regret what has happened before. We are luckier than most."

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Nation

Exit Stage Left

Ballerina goes back to Moscow

The plot line was murky, the key action took place offstage, and some motives were unclear, but one thing was certain about last week's high drama at Kennedy Airport: the Soviets got the girl.

Whether Ballerina Ludmila Vlasova of the Bolshoi Ballet really wanted to go home or to defect with her husband, Dancer Alexander Godunov, may never be known in full. When Godunov, one of the most brilliant of Soviet ballet stars, made his rush to freedom, he did not—or could not—take her with him. Upholding U.S. law prohibiting forced repatriation, the State Department insisted on interviewing Vlasova to see if she wanted to join her husband. Belatedly, the State Department moved to keep her in the country by preventing her Aeroflot jetliner from taking off until, in the words of Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher, she could be interviewed in "noncoercive surroundings."

Negotiations over the proper meeting place dragged on for three days, while the Soviet passengers camped out in the plane. There was an exchange between Presidents Carter and Brezhnev. Finally, an agreement was reached: a mobile lounge was rolled up to the plane, and Vlasova entered in the company of six representatives from each nation. She calmly assured the Americans that she wanted to go home.

If Vlasova had needed pressuring to return to the U.S.S.R., there was ample time to persuade her. When she arrived in Moscow, Vlasova was quoted as denouncing the U.S. for trying to compel her to stay, and was hailed in the Soviet press as a heroine "who took a position of dignity and lofty civic duty" in the face of the "bourgeois brigands" of the U.S. If nothing else, the manner of her exit has probably saved her from what otherwise would have been her fate: the stigma of being the wife of a "traitor" with consequent loss of status, pay and dance roles. John le Carré could scarcely have plotted it better. ■



Vlasova meeting mother at Moscow airport
Was she acting at J.F.K.?

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Drum Rolls and Lightning



In exile: Nixon at San Clemente

For the past year Richard Nixon has led a singular exile, a man beyond his own shores, dwelling in the realm of world power, which he loves. He is not a Philip Nolan because he still resides firmly on U.S. turf, even goes to baseball games. Yet there is a tiny whiff of *The Man Without a Country* around the nation's most prominent political scalawag. After five years a sizable segment of America still holds Nixon beyond forgiveness. It may always be thus. He may be ordering his life to acknowledge that.

Soon he will go to China for his second visit since leaving Washington. He will journey to France, Germany and Britain. Then he will move to New York, a city he wryly describes as the most private place in America because "nobody likes anybody else there."

There is no self-pity. His mind is hard yet, filled with the dangers and failings he perceives in the human condition, his own not excluded. He plays it as it lays. Curiously, his broad view contains a core of coherent national optimism that deepens irony. Hope and guidance from San Clemente, of all things.

He has put it in a book about the world, power and the presidency, which will be published in April. By all accounts it is a drama filled with timpani rolls of peril, but with lightning flashes revealing the way back to pre-eminence.

"Scare the pants off you," Nixon says, feet up on his desk, spectacles on, leafing through his raw prose. "Dicey time ahead for the United States ... the next two decades will be a time of maximum crisis ... 1985 is the year we face inferiority. Not just No. 2, but way back No. 2."

"Loss without war" is his warning. The Soviet leaders are not madmen, he notes, but they believe it means a good deal to be No. 1. So, too, may the Chinese, who could turn away from the U.S. if they see us continuing to slip. "They think we have the power now ... but they question our will." So do others in the Nixon scenario. Germany and Japan must deal with a winner. The Saudis too.

Spirit, economic might, technical excellence are going for the free world, Nixon insists. "The world is going to move toward freedom ... We should mobilize our economic strength. If there is a real contest, there just isn't any question about the outcome. The U.S. and the West can be as strong as they need to be ... An arms race for the Soviet Union is no win."

Nixon relishes Pope John Paul II's trip to Poland. "Stalin asked how many divisions the Pope had," Nixon chortles. "The answer is one hell of a lot of divisions." Nixon catalogues the Soviet flaws: their economy is a "basket case," Eastern Europe is not so firm, the cost of Cuba is growing. The Soviets have that one damnable advantage of singleminded, purposeful, directed leadership.

Nixon's writing will offer ideas about strong leadership, rules of international positioning, in which he believes. "We are now in a war called peace ... The time is right for leadership from the United States. That means not only from the President (people expect too much from the President) but from opinion leaders, corporate heads and others ... We need a revival of will." A President should be a man viewed as capable of acting "rashly," Nixon contends. He should be a man who is feared. "The next President's qualifications should be tested against foreign policy. If he fails there, we all fail."

Dealing in this world takes a man who believes in the right principles, Nixon says, but a man who also has "street smarts" and "can play every trick ... We want him skillful, shrewd and as tough in the clutch as the other guy. The presidents of the top 50 or so corporations in the United States might be more intelligent, smoother, better poker players, have better manners, but there are no more than two or three of them I would want in a room with a healthy Brezhnev. But I do know some labor leaders I would put in there."

From his Pacific heights, Nixon detects a change among intellectuals abroad and here. "They are beginning to take a second look at the world around them, a more realistic look." If they can join with the leaders of American society, then, he believes, we may be headed out of an era "lost in uncertainty" and "paralyzed by propriety." That way, says the exile, this "dicey time" could turn into an era of opportunity.

Nation

Family Vendetta

Guilty of a bizarre murder

The story he told was eerily reminiscent of the Sharon Tate murders six months earlier. As Jeffrey R. MacDonald, then a captain in the Green Berets, described the events, he woke up on a living room couch at about 3 a.m. on Feb. 17, 1970 to find his home invaded. Three young men and a woman holding a lit candle chanted, "Acid is groovy! Kill the pigs!" The intruders beat and stabbed him, he said, and when he came to hours later he found the slaughtered bodies of his pregnant wife Colette, 26, and daughters Kimberly, 5, and Kristen, 2.

But for the past six weeks, after one of the longest delays between crime and trial in the history of the federal courts, a jury in Raleigh, N.C., listened to an

altogether different story. MacDonald, prosecutors said, had flown into a rage during an argument with Colette and beaten and stabbed her and Kimberly. Then he cold-bloodedly stabbed Kristen in her bed. To hide his crimes, the prosecution charged, MacDonald wrote "Pig" in Colette's blood on the headboard of a bed and then stabbed himself. Last week the jury found MacDonald guilty of second-degree murder in the slayings of Colette and Kimberly, and of first-degree murder in the killing of Kristen. Judge Franklin T. DuPree Jr. sentenced MacDonald, now 35 and an emergency-room surgeon in Long Beach, Calif., to life imprisonment.

The verdict was a triumph for Colette's mother, Mildred Kassab, and her stepfather Alfred, both 58. Originally they believed MacDonald's story; Alfred Kassab had even testified as a character witness at 1970 Army hearings that cleared

the captain. But the Kassabs quickly developed doubts and began what the husband openly called a "legal vendetta," importuning federal authorities to reopen the case. MacDonald was finally indicted in early 1975, but the trial was further delayed by a flock of appeals, including three to the Supreme Court.

The jurors who convicted MacDonald said later that the evidence at the scene did not jibe with his story. There was none of the defendant's blood in the living room where he said he was attacked, for instance, and FBI experts testified that the pattern and type of slashes in a pajama top did not fit MacDonald's account of the struggle. Defense Attorney Bernard Segal intends to appeal, partly on the ground that the long delay violated MacDonald's constitutional right to a speedy trial. The Kassabs professed not to be worried. Said Mildred Kassab: "Now I can let Colette rest." ■

Americana



Banzai Bunny

While fishing in Plains, Ga., last April, President Carter glanced up to discover the approach of an unusual foe—an enraged rabbit. Just why a rabbit was swimming straight for the Carter canoe, teeth flashing and nostrils flaring, was unclear. Carter later surmised that perhaps the creature was fleeing an attacker. In any event, he did the sen-

sible thing. He fended off the animal with a paddle. That at least was what they were saying around the White House last week. Claimed they had a picture showing the whole thing, but no, they were not about to release it. Said an amused Carter aide: "This is one of those things about the presidency that will remain shrouded in mystery." As for Carter, he smiled and said, "It was just a nice, typical Georgia rabbit."

Just Dessert

Ivan Bright's watermelon weighed a whopping 186 lbs. that Tuesday and was gaining at least 2 lbs. a day. Could the melon weigh in at 200 lbs. by midnight Friday and earn its grower a \$10,000 prize offered by a booster organization in Hope, Ark.? It did not reach 200 until Sunday, and Bright, 65, a farm-supply-store employee, had to settle for \$500 in other prizes. But Bright's future may yet be, well, bright. For one thing, he has sold some of the seeds of his melon, a dozen

for \$100, and he is convinced that he can raise a 225-pounder next year.

For now, "Ivan's Best" sits proudly on the tailgate of a pickup truck as people line up to have their picture taken with it. When the specimen is finally sliced open, Bright thinks it could feed 200 people. One other just dessert for the citizens of Hope, which calls itself "the Watermelon Capital of the World": Bright's belly buster surpassed the 197-pounder raised by North Carolina's Ed Weeks in 1975, which is listed in the 1979 *Guinness Book of World Records*.

Soured Junket

Summertime, and the livin' was easy for 53 Illinois state legislators and 60 of their aides. Or at least it was for a while. In July the group junketed off to cool San Francisco for the five-day meeting of the National Conference of State Legislatures. Supposedly the whole venture was strictly business, but it turned out that no one was required to attend any of the sessions. What was more, the Illinois delegation joined more than 50 busloads of conferencees for a scheduled wine-tasting tour of the vineyards of Napa Valley.

The whole venture angered a group of 8,000 Illinois taxpayers known as the Coalition for Political Honesty. They have asked the courts for an injunction forbidding the state to pay any of the estimated \$85,000 expenses for the trip.

The indignant legislators insisted that they had worked at the conference, but the taxpayers remained unmoved. Said a spokesman: "We want standards established to protect taxpayers from paying for extravagant trips. It's time the public puts its foot down."



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BRITAIN

World

A Nation Mourns Its Loss

"The troubles" in Ulster take a terrible toll



It was a brilliantly sunny, almost windless day at the little fishing village of Mullaghmore overlooking Donegal Bay on Ireland's northwest coast. Lord Louis Mountbatten, 79, the distinguished war hero, diplomat and elder statesman of Britain's royal family, was summering as usual at his turreted stone castle, Clas-siebawn, in the green hills. Dressed in faded corduroys and rough pullover, Mountbatten was a beloved and folksy figure around Mullaghmore, where he had vacationed for 35 years. He could sometimes be seen standing knee-deep in the waters offshore, fishing for shrimp, and occasionally took local children for a ride on his 27-ft. fishing vessel, *Shadow V*.

This day he pulled up to the boat dock

around 11:30 a.m. for what promised to be a superb day of cruising. Joining him were his daughter, Lady Patricia Brabourne, 55; her husband Lord Brabourne, 54; their twin sons Timothy and Nicholas, 14, and Lord Brabourne's mother, the Dowager Lady Brabourne, 82. An Ulster schoolboy, Paul Maxwell, 15, whom Mountbatten had given the coveted summer job of boat boy, cast off the moorings, and the *Shadow V*, powered by a three-cylinder diesel engine, slowly eased beyond the harbor's protecting stone walls until it cleared the long jetty.

The party proceeded along the coast, still only a stone's throw from shore, for a few hundred yards, then stopped to inspect Lord Mountbatten's lobster pots



Clockwise from top left: auto set afire in Belfast protests; Lord Mountbatten; a Catholic demonstrator in Londonderry; wreckage of army truck near Warrenpoint



Suddenly, an enormous explosion shattered the summer stillness of the harbor. The blast blew the boat "to smithereens," in the words of one eyewitness, and hurled all seven occupants into the water. Nearby fishermen raced to the rescue. Still breathing, Lord Mountbatten was pulled into one of the boats. He died, his legs nearly blown off, almost immediately. Two Belfast doctors on holiday hastily set up a makeshift aid station on the wharf, using old doors for stretchers, broken broomsticks for splints and ripped-up sheets to bind up wounds until ambulances arrived to rush the victims to Sligo General Hospital. Both Mountbatten's grandson Nicholas and the Maxwell youth had been killed in the blast. After a nightlong struggle to save her life, the Dowager Lady Brabourne died the next morning.

A few hours after the explosion came the dreaded confirmation of what many already suspected. "The I.R.A. claim responsibility for the execution of Lord Louis Mountbatten," said a statement issued by the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army in Belfast. "This operation is one of the discriminate ways we can bring to the attention of the English people the continuing occupation of our country." The assassination of Lord Mountbatten, a patriarchal figure who

had been a simple task for a terrorist to slip through the shadows and plant a bomb on it. That apparently is what happened. Police last week charged two men from the Irish Republic, Francis McGirr, 24, and Thomas McMahon, 31, with Mountbatten's murder. In a strange twist of circumstance, both men had been detained two hours before the bomb on Mountbatten's boat went off, at a routine roadside checkpoint 70 miles away, on suspicion of driving a stolen car. At the police station, a check revealed the two had possible connections with the I.R.A. Police theorized that the bomb was detonated by a timing device or by remote control and were searching for other suspected accomplices.

But the boat, surprisingly, was left unguarded. It was moored with about a dozen other small craft at the public dock, and it would have been a simple task for a terrorist to slip through the shadows and plant a bomb on it. That apparently is what happened. Police last week charged two men from the Irish Republic, Francis McGirr, 24, and Thomas McMahon, 31, with Mountbatten's murder. In a strange twist of circumstance, both men had been detained two hours before the bomb on Mountbatten's boat went off, at a routine roadside checkpoint 70 miles away, on suspicion of driving a stolen car. At the police station, a check revealed the two had possible connections with the I.R.A. Police theorized that the bomb was detonated by a timing device or by remote control and were searching for other suspected accomplices.

where in the debris was blood and human flesh. Overhead the late afternoon sky was obscured by dense smoke rising from the wreckage. The soldiers who had survived staggered around and some opened fire across the Lough at two young men whom they apparently took to be the bombers. The tragedy of Narrow Water was now complete. The two were merely gawking at what had happened. One was shot in the arm; the other was killed. In addition, 18 soldiers, including Blair, had died—the largest number of British troops lost in a single incident in Ulster.

Stunned and grieving, a thousand residents of the nearby coastal village of Warrenpoint gathered tearfully in the town square for a hastily arranged vigil presided over by both Protestant and Catholic clergy. Afterward some walked to the scene of the explosions to lay flowers by the roadside even as the military still searched for remains.

Next day yet another bomb went off, this time at a bandstand in Brussels, where a British military band was to give a concert as part of the Belgian capital's millennium celebrations. The I.R.A. is suspected of having planted it. The bomb injured four band members and twelve spectators; no one was killed. Intelligence experts have believed for some time that



Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher pays visit to Belfast: flag-draped coffin of Lord Mountbatten is brought back to England from Ireland. A man of civility and simplicity, he could not conceive that his death could be twisted into a violent statement.

seemed as much a part of the public life of Britain as Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, sent shock waves of anguish and indignation through Britain and Ireland. "His life ran like a golden thread of inspiration and service to his country throughout this century," said Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, as she joined the nation in mourning. In India, where Mountbatten had helped fashion the subcontinent's independence in 1947, a week of mourning was declared.

Ironically, one question of British policy in which Mountbatten had never played a role was that of Northern Ireland. Yet his death, following hard on the tenth anniversary of Britain's dispatch of troops to the province, inevitably threw into grave relief the unremitted tragedy of Britain's most enduring dilemma. Simply because of his stature, Mountbatten had been considered an obvious if illog-

The bloodshed had only begun. Late that same afternoon a three-vehicle convoy of British soldiers moved along a highway just inside the Ulster border. On the one side was Narrow Water, a peaceful estuary of Carlingford Lough; on the other a golf course. When the convoy passed a trailerload of hay parked beside the road, a huge bomb exploded, blasting a three-ton army truck across the highway and spewing wreckage and human bodies into the air. Surviving paratroopers radioed for help, and a contingent of the Queen's Own Highlanders, including its commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel David Blair, 40, arrived by helicopter. Moments later a second blast went off, ambushing the Highlanders' rescue force, this time detonated in a vacant gatehouse near by.

"Narrow Water became like a scene from some fictional war film," reported TIME's Ed Curran from Belfast. "Every-

Irish terrorists have a base in Europe, whose operatives were responsible for the gunning down last March of the British Ambassador to The Netherlands. Sir Richard Sykes, and possibly the car bombing from which outgoing NATO Supreme Commander General Alexander Haig narrowly escaped on June 25.

"We are very angry, and I am cold and numb," said Ulster Paratroop Commander Colonel Jim Burke, "but we will not overreact because we pride ourselves in being professionals in every respect." Prime Minister Thatcher also recognized that the violence could trigger an eruption of much wider sectarian strife and avoided any display of emotionalism. In a bold, compassionate gesture, she flew to Belfast, where she strolled through the city's main shopping street to hear first-hand reactions to the killings.

Among the applause and cheers was



World

some harsh heckling from a woman partisan of I.R.A. prisoners who are currently engaged in a "dirt strike," a euphemism for a protest in which they wear no clothes and refuse sanitary facilities. Later Thatcher helicoptered to the British army's most beleaguered Irish outpost: Crossmaglen, a heavily fortified and often attacked base in an area notorious for I.R.A. activity. Her speedy show of the flag in Ulster met with a sturdy rebuff from the I.R.A. Said a statement from the Provos: "The Iron Maiden's declaration of war is nothing but the bankrupt rattling of an empty tin."

The weakness of the I.R.A.'s own policy was apparent from its statement claiming responsibility for Mountbatten's murder; the language constituted a veiled admission that the almost daily round of

violence in Northern Ireland has made little headway on British public opinion, despite nearly 2,000 dead and 21,000 injured in the past ten years. Roy Mason, Ulster Secretary in the last Labor government, said he believed Mountbatten's death signaled a frightening new dimension in terrorism, that is, competition among the assassins. "After the Irish National Liberation Army killed M.P. Airey Neave [last March]," said Mason, "the Provos felt they had been made to look incompetent. Apart from the Provos' own cause, they have now been whipped into a new frenzied aim of neutralizing the success of the breakaway militant faction, the I.N.L.A."

The Provisional I.R.A. has its roots in the trouble-torn days of August 1969, when British troops first began patrolling

Ulster. It started as a small band of dissident Catholic militants, an offshoot of an amateurish, ill-equipped and disorganized I.R.A. whose tiny membership strove vainly to maintain the much-vaunted memories of Ireland's "war of independence" of 50 years before. The early Provos soon displayed a ruthlessness all their own. They capitalized on the popular Catholic campaign for civil rights, orchestrated protests and street violence.

Even old-fashioned Irish republicans were shaken by the young militants' tactics. Bombs were left to explode without warning in restaurants, bars and shopping arcades. The Provos imposed a ruthless discipline in Catholic areas, organizing their own brand of kangaroo-court justice. People who stepped out of line were "kneecapped." By 1972 the Provos' war

The Man Who Was Larger Than Life

If you want to be a leader of a large number of men," Lord Mountbatten once observed, "you can't go around like a shrinking violet hiding yourself: you've got to put on a bit of an act. It must be sincere, it's no good having a bogus act. You've got to play up any qualities you have and blow them up larger than life."

Throughout a remarkable lifetime as an influential member of the royal family, as an acclaimed combat hero and strategic planner in World War II, Lord Mountbatten's considerable qualities indeed seemed larger than life. He appeared to embody, if anyone could, the very model of what Englishmen cherish as their national character. As French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing eulogized after the assassination last week: "He personified British courage, dignity and elegance."

He looked the part. Whether in ermine-trimmed robe carrying the 30-lb. sword of state beside the Queen for the opening of Parliament or in blue-and-gold naval uniform at ship signings and sundry other ceremonies he relished, he was nothing if not regal. The wide mouth and ruler-straight gaze epitomized the braided bloodlines of contemporary European royalty. Mountbatten was, in fact, not only a cousin of Queen Elizabeth and an uncle of Prince Philip, but also related to most of Europe's other royal houses.

He lived the part. Whether commanding a destroyer in the thick of battle in World War II or, later, presiding over India's independence in the first shedding of empire, Mountbatten accumulated public triumphs with a seemingly magical ease. His relaxed charm masked a relentless drive, an occasional impatience with subordinates that verged on imperiousness, and a



Earl Mountbatten at a naval ceremony

streak of self-acknowledged vanity. He once described himself as "the most conceited man I know," for instance. But coming from him the admission was received as more of his disarming informality.

As a patriarchal figure to whom the entire royal family turned for counsel, "Uncle Dickie," as they called him, was noted for a keen political sense and enlightened liberal conscience: he despised extremism, ridiculed narrow nationalism, welcomed a multiracial Commonwealth as a natural part of the Third World's emergence, which he foresaw long before it became a reality. Significantly, Mountbatten was an important influence in the careful royal upbringing of his great-nephew, Prince Charles. Said the future King recently: "Uncle Dickie is a person I admire almost more than anyone else."

Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Mountbatten of Burma was born at Frogmore House, Windsor, in 1900, just as the sun was passing over the yard-arm of Empire. His father was Prince Louis of Bat-



With Daughter Patricia and grandchildren With Great-Nephew Prince Charles in 1971

had entered a crescendo of barbarity. The indiscriminate killings brought bitter condemnation from the Catholic Church and political leaders. But in Ulster's impoverished Catholic enclaves the sight of a British soldier at the end of the street remained a sufficient spur to militancy in a conflict that Irishmen track back for centuries. Soon the Protestant backlash added to, and in many cases surpassed, the Provos' terror.

In 1972 numbered British officials sought out I.R.A. leaders for discussions on a truce. The I.R.A. outlined its demands, including British withdrawal by the mid-1970s. The British government refused, distrustful of the I.R.A. Since then, the Provos and the much smaller I.N.L.A. have forged closer links with other international groups, notably the Palestinians and the Basques, and received

assistance in obtaining weapons and guerrilla training. They have also gained more sophisticated expertise in explosives. Last week's deadly precision was a far cry from the crudely made devices of earlier times that often proved more dangerous to those who planted them than to their victims.

The problem of dealing with "the troubles" continues to bedevil the governments of the Irish Republic and Britain. There had already been rumblings that security had slackened in Eire since Prime Minister Jack Lynch and his Fianna Fail Party were returned to power two years ago. Lynch's failure to return from a vacation in Portugal until late last week did nothing to stem the criticism, though he vigorously condemned the I.R.A. as the "real enemies of Ireland." Thatcher is being urged to push for tougher security measures when she meets with Lynch following Mountbatten's funeral this week.

Late last week, as plans were laid for the ceremonial funeral in Westminster Abbey this Wednesday, the bodies of Mountbatten, his grandson and the Dowager Lady Brabourne were flown to Broadlands, his Hampshire estate, to lie in state in the white porticoed mansion. Britons would not soon forget that the distinguished old sea dog, when asked not long ago if he feared an I.R.A. attack, gruffly replied: "What would they want with an old man like me?" A man of civility and simplicity who tried to build bridges instead of exploiting divisions, he could not conceive that his death could be twisted into a violent statement. "I am a man plumb in the center," he told TIME's Frank Melville last year. "I loathe all manifestations of extremism, and I believe we should strive, above all else, for the dignity and human rights of mankind, regardless of race, color and creed."



With Gandhi and Lady Mountbatten in India in 1947 . . . with Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek in China in 1943

tenberg, a German kinsman of Czar Nicholas II of Russia and later Britain's First Sea Lord. Queen Victoria held him in her arms as he was christened Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas. The Battenbergs called their baby son Nickie, but its Russian connotation at that time prompted them to change the nickname to Dickie, much as the family name was later anglicized to Mountbatten.

At 13, Dickie joined the Royal Navy as a cadet at Osborne, a rigorous officer-training academy on the Isle of Wight. He was soon seared by an event that is thought to have directed the course of his life: as World War I broke out his father was hounded by anti-German hysteria and forced to resign as First Sea Lord. The tears that ran down the cadet's face, according to a biographer, instilled a burning ambition to rise in the military establishment and avenge Prince Louis' humiliation.

Emerging from the war as a dashing sublieutenant who had served at the Battle of Jutland, the young lord soon married a beautiful heiress named Edwina Ashley. By World War II he was a captain in command of a destroyer flotilla; the fearless skipper's own ship,



Dancing with the future Queen in 1951

H.M.S. *Kelly*, was mined off Newcastle, torpedoed off the German coast and finally sunk by German dive bombers off Crete. "Abandon ship or I'm going to sink you!" his admiral signaled when he refused to leave his bridge at one time. "Try it and I'll bloody well sink you!" Mountbatten replied. Mountbatten's later direction of the disastrous commando raid on Dieppe also contributed to a growing reputation for recklessness. Nonetheless, Winston Churchill himself hand-picked the flamboyant commander first as a strategic planner for the

D-day invasion, and subsequently as Supreme Allied Commander South East Asia.

After the war, Mountbatten literally made history: as the last British Viceroy and first Governor-General on the Indian subcontinent, he oversaw the birth of self-government in the Empire's biggest possession, thus breaking ground for the postcolonial era. In 1955 he vindicated his father's name when Churchill appointed him First Sea Lord. Finally, during a six-year stint as chief of the Defense Staff, he built Britain's unified defense system, which he regarded as one of his major triumphs.

Retired in 1965, Mountbatten kept busy as a committee man and good-will ambassador, but lived alone—his wife had died suddenly five years before during a charity tour in North Borneo and his two daughters had long since married. "I'd like really to just be buried in my home town of Romsey," he placidly told a BBC interviewer who was preparing a film obituary last year. "The only thing I hope, it'll be a happy occasion." For the outraged mourners at this week's tributes for a national hero and the other 22 victims of the I.R.A. onslaught, that will not be the case.

World

SUMMERTIME

Showdown in Havana

Tito and Castro collide for the "soul" of the Third World

As Yugoslavia's Josip Broz Tito, 87, the grand old man of global neutrality, stepped off a Yugoslav air force Boeing 727 at Havana's José Martí Airport last week, he was stiffly embraced by his host, Cuban President Fidel Castro, 52, the tireless huckster of import-export revolution. It was hardly the sort of comradely bear hug the two leaders have exchanged in the past. This time they were preparing for a fierce showdown over the direction and leadership of what some diplomats called "the very soul" of the Third World.

The arena was the Sixth Conference of Nonaligned Countries opening this week in the Cuban capital, which had been unusually well scrubbed and widely festooned with anti-American slogans for the occasion. For the 93 delegations from mostly Latin American, African and Asian countries, plus three guerrilla organizations, it promised to be the most critical ideological tug-of-war in the quarter-century-old identity crisis of the emerging Third World. The main question: Can the nonaligned family of nations continue to maintain its uncertain neutrality between the U.S. and Soviet superpowers—or will it lurch east and west and effectively become a political appendage of the Soviet camp?

Ever since its first meeting, attended by Tito, Indonesia's Sukarno, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and India's Jawaharlal Nehru, at Belgrade in 1961, the so-called nonaligned movement has



Tito and Castro review an honor guard in Havana
Hardly a comradely bear hug as in the past

usually espoused a form of neutrality with a distinctly leftist flavor. The rhetoric has sputtered with buzz words like "anticolonialist" and "progressive." But official pronouncements increasingly have also been careful to try to keep both superpowers at haughty arm's length with even-handed warnings against Soviet "manipulation" as well as U.S. "imperialism."

For the past few months, though, Cuba has been campaigning aggressively both to seize the leadership of the movement and to steer its political direction squarely into the orbit of its principal ally, the Soviet Union. Cuban delegates insist there is a "natural alliance" between the nonaligned movement and the "socialist world," meaning the Soviet bloc. In Havana the pro-Soviet drive can probably count on the support of such far-flung fel-

low Marxist regimes as Angola, which still harbors Cuban troops on its territory; Afghanistan, which relies on Soviet assistance to stave off an Islamic insurgency; and Viet Nam, which has been a fully official Soviet ally ever since its "peace and friendship" treaty with Moscow last year.

Lining up against the Cuban takeover bid is a broad group of mostly older nonaligned members led by Yugoslavia and including India, Indonesia, Sri Lanka and others that are all determined to maintain the authentic independence of the movement. With equal fervor, they have been waging their own behind-the-scenes battle in diplomatic chanceries and ministries around the world in the name of moderation and the status quo. Since a Cuban victory obviously would spell bad geopolitical news for the U.S.—raising the specter of a grandly legitimized Cuba promoting the Soviet cause as spokesman for the Third World—Washington too has been actively, though quietly, trying to rally support for the moderates. For that matter, so has China, another non-member just as opposed to the pro-Soviet initiatives.

The main bone of contention in Havana is a Cuban draft of the communiqué to be issued at the end of the summit, which froths with Pravda-like anti-U.S. agitprop. It calls for the immediate independence of Puerto Rico, for instance. It denounces U.S. naval activity in the Indian Ocean without mentioning the Soviet naval forces there. It blames all of Indochina's recent troubles exclusively on the U.S. with no mention of Viet Nam's interventions in Laos and Cambodia. It calls for the reunification of Korea on strictly North Korean terms. On the Middle East, it condemns both Egypt and the U.S. for the separate peace of Camp David, and calls for "the expulsion of Israel from the international community."

Vote bartering among rival and undecided delegates was already turning the beachside Palace of Conferences into a diplomatic bazaar. On the precedent of past summits, the informed betting was that the moderate majority could succeed in blunting the Cuban offensive. But much depended on the crucial personal confrontation between Tito and Castro, who were set to huddle privately through the weekend before their public encounter at the summit. Clearly, Tito was ready to fight for his political heritage. He assigned an oversized 160-man delegation to the conference, and warned Castro that "the nonaligned movement is not and cannot be either the conveyor belt or the reserve of any bloc." Added a Yugoslav official pointedly: "The old man knows that Castro has aspirations to succeed him as the principal figure when he is gone. But he's not gone yet, and he means to impress that fact on Castro."

Some Soviet Muscle in Cuba

Touching off a furor likely to grow, the U.S. State Department reported last week that the Soviet Union has 2,000 to 3,000 combat troops in Cuba, augmenting the estimated 2,000 Soviet military and technical advisers that have been there practically since Castro took power. While the State Department said that the combat units, comprising armored, artillery and infantry elements, obviously did not pose any direct threat to the U.S., it had "expressed concern" about their presence through diplomatic channels in Washington and Moscow.

That was not nearly enough for several Senators who promptly demanded urgent action by the White House, particularly since, it turns out, some of the combat forces may have been there, by U.S. intelligence estimates, since 1976. Frank Church, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, protested that "the U.S. cannot permit the island to become a Soviet military base 90 miles from our shores," and challenged President Carter to compel the immediate withdrawal of the Soviet force. Senator Robert Dole of Kansas went further still, proposing that the current Senate debate on the Strategic Arms Limitation treaty be suspended until the troops leave. Senator Richard Stone of Florida, fearing the Soviet troops might be used against military governments in Central America, wanted Carter to get on the hot line to Moscow at once. Said he: "This may not be of the same dimensions as the 1962 missile crisis, but it is of the same gravity."



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World

MIDDLE EAST

Scorching Lebanon

Israel's air and artillery raids bring widespread condemnation

Speaking sternly before the U.N. Security Council, U.S. Ambassador Andrew Young last week issued the harshest denunciation ever expressed by the U.S. Government toward Israel's policy of staging pre-emptive raids on Palestinian outposts in southern Lebanon. This time he was not speaking just for himself. Said Young, who resigned under fire last month but will retain his U.N. post until later this year: "We condemn the policy of artillery shelling and attacks on Lebanese towns, villages and refugee camps... Let there be no doubt or ambiguity about this. We cannot and do not agree with Israel's military policies in Lebanon. They are wrong and unacceptable to my Government."

Though Young also warned the Palestinians that their aims cannot be achieved through terrorism, his admonition to the Israelis signified a rising concern in Washington that Israel's air and artillery attacks are jeopardizing the delicate peace process. For four months Israel and its Christian Lebanese allies have relentlessly bombarded real or imagined bastions of Palestinian guerrillas in southern Lebanon in what some U.S. officials openly describe as a "scorched earth strategy." In recent weeks these attacks have increased sharply, killing large numbers of Lebanese civilians, destroying hundreds of civilian homes, and the process further tarnishing Israel's reputation abroad.

Why is Israel engaging in so destructive a policy? Says one U.S. expert on the Middle East: "It's astonishing. The Israelis actually seem to think they are close to giving a knockout blow to the Palestine Liberation Organization. But if anything, P.L.O. morale is higher than before. Their strength has not even been touched." Since the latest wave of Israeli attacks coincided with the current diplomatic offensive of the P.L.O., some Western observers have concluded that Israel's real motive in Lebanon is a devious one: to make it impossible for P.L.O. Chief Yasser Arafat to pursue a moderate course, in opposition to more radical colleagues, and thereby to destroy any chance of a rapprochement between the U.S. and the P.L.O. Concludes one American diplomat: "It's a cynical course of action, but from the Israeli viewpoint, it will probably be quite effective."

On result of the Israeli raids on Lebanon is that they are driving Western Europe even further toward the Arab camp. West Germany and France, in particular, are hoping to secure from the Arab oil states some kind of agreement guaranteeing oil supplies and are impatient with Israeli intransigence. Before leaving for the Middle East last week,



Palestinian in rubble of his home at Sidon



Map by V. Pugach



Israelis at advanced observation post used to monitor guerrilla activity in southern Lebanon
A concern in Washington that Jerusalem's attacks are jeopardizing the peace process.

West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher emphasized his government's support of Palestinian self-determination and its disapproval of the Israeli tactics in Lebanon. Privately the West Germans are furious that the Carter Administration has backtracked on its recent hints that there should be U.S. contacts with the P.L.O., which the Europeans regard as an essential step toward a Middle East peace. Snapped a West German diplomat of Washington's recent performance: "It's chaos, not governing."

Certainly the Israeli raids have made Washington's predicament more difficult. The Administration hedged on its tentative approaches to the P.L.O. after the shower of protests from the Israelis and Israel's backers in the U.S. But the Administration was openly angry at the Israelis for their most recent raids on Lebanon, particularly since Washington suspects the Israelis are continuing to use American-supplied equipment in violation of a previous agreement with the U.S. But the State Department was not particularly anxious to pursue that point just now. A spokesman emphasized that the Administration was not contemplating a reduction in the \$2.7 billion in military aid already committed to Israel as a way to browbeat Jerusalem into ceasing its artillery attacks in Lebanon. Said one State Department official: "We don't want to be the ones to carry an arms reduction proposal up to Capitol Hill."

The Israelis themselves are clearly worried about the effects of the recent raids. Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan questioned whether the policy was worth the price in terms of world opinion, but the Israeli Cabinet decided that the strikes should continue. Some Cabinet members also criticized Dayan for engaging in a bit of private fact-finding reminiscent of Andy Young: an unauthorized meeting with P.L.O. sympathizers in Gaza. Unlike Young, Dayan kept his job. The Israelis say their aims in southern

World

Lebanon are threefold: to force the Palestinian guerrillas to leave the area, to help the enclave of Lebanese Christians and Shiites survive in a buffer zone along the border, and to strengthen Israel's bargaining position in any future negotiations with Syria concerning the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights. The Israelis claim that Palestinian terrorists attempted 27 raids on Israeli territory from Lebanon in the past four months, and that each time the Palestinians were fought back or headed off. So the Israelis feel justified in bombing and strafing the border area at will, aiding the Lebanese Christian militia and maintaining three sophisticated observation posts in Lebanese territory.

The view from the Lebanese side is strikingly different, as TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Dean Breis discovered when he visited the area last week with Beirut Reporter Abu Said Abu Rish. Breis' report:

All over the south of Lebanon now there is emptiness. No one works the fields; the shepherds are gone, and so are their flocks. Two hundred thousand people have fled the south. Until last week's Israeli raids, according to Lebanese observers, 190 Palestinian and Lebanese civilians had been killed, and 350 had been wounded during the four-month period. In last week's attacks, when the shells and bombs came in at the rate of 100 an hour over a 24-hour period, said Lebanese witnesses, another 100 civilians were killed. One conclusion is evident to anyone who visits the area: the civilians have taken a ruthless beating.

In Tyre, once a lovely city of 60,000 people, with magnificent ruins dating back to the days of Alexander the Great, many homes and other buildings have been hammered into rubble by the Israeli attacks. Quite obviously these structures had no military significance. One can imagine an occasional mistake in wartime; but not when at least 100 civilian homes are destroyed in 24 hours, as happened last weekend. The bombs even hit a hospital to which 70 casualties of the bombings had already been brought. Of those 70 people, not one was a soldier.

One victim of the latest bombing was Therese Assale, 35, who had fled with her family at the start of the Israeli bombardment. A few days later she returned to the ruin of her home to salvage a blanket, some sweaters and a silver medallion of the Virgin Mary. Three of her friends had been buried alive in the rubble.

Another survivor was Zakia Fahoury, 88. She was lucky to be able to take refuge in a deep cellar where she keeps a supply of canned food and bottled water. Like many of her neighbors, she was determined to remain in Tyre, even though there was no electricity or running water and the Israeli raids could begin again at any time. "If we leave," she reasoned, "we will become like the Palestinians. We will lose our homes and our land." ■



Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping toasts Mondale and Wife Joan at Peking dinner

CHINA

Mondale Crosses the Boundary

From cautious acquaintance to first confident friendship

The reception accorded to Vice President Walter Mondale in China last week scarcely matched the tumultuous welcome given Chinese Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping in the U.S. last January, but it was the warmest on record for an American leader. Deng, an honor guard and a brass band were on hand at Peking airport to meet Mondale, his wife Joan and daughter Eleanor, 19, at the start of the seven-day visit. The Chinese were expecting that months of diplomatic courtship on both sides finally would be followed by tangible aid from the U.S. The Vice President did not disappoint them.

Two days after his arrival, Mondale became the first U.S. leader in history to address the world's largest nation on Chinese television. Speaking from the auditorium of Peking University, Mondale announced plans to provide technical assistance to help China build hydroelectric power. The Vice President later described the plan as the largest—in scope and complexity—in the proliferating network of ties between China and the U.S. That network now includes such things as student exchanges and some ten official protocols covering everything from the sale of a U.S. telecommunications system to the exchange of meteorological information. Mondale also announced that the U.S. will make available to China Export-Import Bank loans of \$2 billion over the next five years.

To encourage U.S. private investment, Mondale said, the Carter Administration will ask for congressional authority to extend the guarantee of the Overseas Private Investment Corp. to include China, thus responding to the new Chinese investment law that allows up to 100% ownership of foreign-built projects. The U.S.

moves came as a relief to Chinese leaders, who had been chafing at the slow pace of practical cooperation with the U.S. They were equally pleased by the Vice President's foreign policy pronouncements, which constituted an implicit warning to the Soviets. "Any nation," said Mondale, "which seeks to weaken or isolate you in world affairs assumes a stance counter to American interests." At a Peking news conference, Mondale said that Communist Party Chairman and Premier Hua Guofeng had accepted "with delight" an invitation from President Carter to visit the U.S. some time next year.

Mondale then stopped off in the ancient Chinese capital of Xian (Sian) where tens of thousands of Chinese streamed into the streets in a spontaneous outpouring of pro-American feeling. Overwhelmed, Mondale declared he had undergone "one of the most moving experiences of my public life." In Canton the Vice President formally opened a new consulate, the first in 30 years. For him and other Americans on the trip, it did indeed seem that U.S.-Chinese relations had crossed the invisible psychological boundary that separates cautious first acquaintance and confident friendship.

Had China become an unofficial U.S. ally? "Not exactly," said a U.S. official traveling with Mondale. "But we're at the point where we are considering each other's interests as we pursue our separate policies." Policy disagreements endure over the Chinese invasion of Viet Nam, Peking's support of Pol Pot's deposed regime in Cambodia and China's friendship with North Korea. Still, Mondale was telling his hosts that Washington wants the U.S.-Chinese honeymoon to continue. ■

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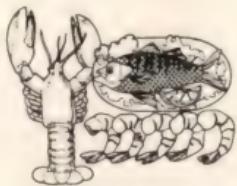
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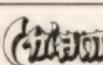
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WEST GERMANY

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Prosperous, hard-working and orderly, West Germany has earned a reputation as perhaps Europe's most successful society. With alarming swiftness, though, the Federal Republic is now outstripping its neighbors in a far less enviable category: the nation of achievers has become the Continent's biggest market for illegal heroin. So far this year, West German police have seized 116 kilograms of heroin, a higher figure than was reported by all the other countries in Western Europe combined. At least 430 people died of drug overdose in West Germany last year, more than an eightfold increase since 1970. This year promises to batter all previous records: 335 drug-related deaths have been reported through July. On a per capita basis, police calculate, the Federal Republic now probably has more addicts than the U.S.

"Most of our people and politicians have not yet realized the danger," says a top-level West German narcotics agent, "but the situation is almost out of hand already." Overworked police are appealing to the federal government for tougher antidrug laws and more manpower. Says Erich Strass, the federal crime office's narcotics chief: "We must put the drug danger on the same level with the terrorist danger. Otherwise we will be overwhelmed in a year or two."

Working with U.S. military police, West German agents last month arrested 29 people for illegal possession of heroin in the southern town of Oppenheim. The raid netted 24 American G.I.s from near-

by Anderson Barracks. Also caught were two Turkish immigrant workers and three West German women, including one 24-year-old who was the ring's alleged leader. In all, police seized quantities of heroin worth \$164,000 at street prices. Even though American soldiers were involved, U.S. military personnel have long ceased to be the main source of West Germany's narcotics problem. Trafficking and addiction among West Germans have been rising at alarming rates over the past two years, especially in West Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt and other large cities. Federal statistics indicate 43,000 known drug addicts in the country. But police estimate the real figure is twice that number. The vast majority are young Germans between the ages of 18 and 25.

Until West Germany gained ascendancy as Western Europe's main heroin market, that dubious distinction belonged to Amsterdam, which had dominated the trade following the breakup of the infamous "French Connection" in 1972. But unlike the highly organized drug networks that have operated in France, The Netherlands and the U.S., the West German drug trade is mainly in the hands of individual entrepreneurs selling the stuff on their own. This makes it all the more difficult to stem the tide. Arrest statistics indicate that a very high proportion of the smugglers are Turkish immigrants, who constitute about 2% of West Germany's population of 61 million. Complains one beleaguered West German narcotics agent: "You can't search everyone who crosses the border." So much heroin has been flowing into the country that the street price has fallen drastically over the past year from a top price of 400 deutsche marks per gram to 150.

West German affluence has been a major contributor to the present drug crisis. "It's financially easy to get the first few shots, and then you are an addict," says a West German narcotics agent. The country's wealth has also created psychological conditions conducive to narcotics use. Explains Frankfurt Psychologist Hans-Joachim Hittermann: "With affluence and success comes unexpected frustration, especially among the youth who never knew difficult times. This combination is made for drug abuse, as we have seen in the U.S."

LABOR

Child Slavery

The I.L.O. issues a grim report

While 162 countries have been celebrating 1979 as the International Year of the Child with fairs, festivals and concerts, the International Labor Organization has been investigating the use of child labor in ten countries of Africa, Latin America, Asia and southern Europe. Last week the I.L.O. submitted its findings to a United Nations working group on slavery. Its report was chilling. It said

that more than 55 million children under 15 are currently being exploited as workers, in violation of the minimum age of 15 set by a 1973 I.L.O. convention that has been ratified by 15 countries. Since most of the children are working illegally, the total number is believed to be "infinitely larger" than the statistics indicate. "In the vast majority of cases," says the report, "working children are either unpaid or receive negligible wages."

The Anti-Slavery Society provided some horrendous examples. A number of match factories in India are employing over 20,000 tots, some as young as five, for 16 hours a day, beginning at 3 a.m. In Colombia the work force includes 3 million children, many of whom labor in ill-ventilated, dangerous coal-mine shafts.

Taiwan toy manufacturers favor 12-to 15-year-olds, while makers of pocket calculators in Hong Kong sweatshops employ nimble-fingered girls who are under 14. Many have lost fingers as a result of accidents at work. In many of the carpet mills of Morocco, female "apprentices" under 13 work for no wages on the ground that they are getting free training. Since Moroccan law stipulates that any worker 13 or over must be salaried as an adult, the carpet industry usually fires its children when they become teenagers and replaces them with younger girls.

Even some of the more advanced European countries exploit child labor. Italy's celebrated shoemakers farm out part of the work to cottage industries that employ children at starvation wages, and Greece still tolerates child labor in industry and construction. The I.L.O.'s most depressing finding in the Year of the Child: the use of child labor has increased by 20% in 1979 and is expected to rise even further in the future.



Sniffing for drugs at Munich airport

"The situation is almost out of hand."



Children hauling salt in Colombia

A vast, illegal work force.

Science

To Catch a Fleeting Gluon

Einstein's old dream of unity may yet come true

For much of the last half of his life, Albert Einstein was preoccupied with a lonely quest. He wanted to bring together under a single set of equations all of nature's basic forces. The master of relativity never achieved his grand unification, and many colleagues scorned him for wasting his precious time on such a far-fetched intellectual exercise. Last week, at a major meeting of physicists at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia, Ill., outside Chicago, Einstein's seemingly futile dream suddenly sounded far more realistic.

What caused the new optimism was a tiny, ephemeral bit of matter that has neither mass nor charge. Known whimsically as the gluon (pronounced gluon), it is believed to carry the so-called strong force, which helps bind together the other tiny particles—some 200 at last count—that make up the minuscule world of the atomic nucleus. When physicists first postulated the sticky little gluons more than five years ago, they were only theoretical concepts: no one knew whether they really existed outside their equations or were just some

more scribblings on the blackboard.

Now the doubts appear to be dwindling as the result of some extraordinary probings into what physicists fondly call their nuclear "zoo." Most of the inhabitants of that zoo are subatomic particles dubbed hadrons, a family that includes the familiar protons, pions and K mesons. Even so, hadrons are not the ultimate form of matter. They seem to be composed of still more basic particles called quarks. But how do quarks cling together? Answer: by tossing gluons back and forth among themselves.

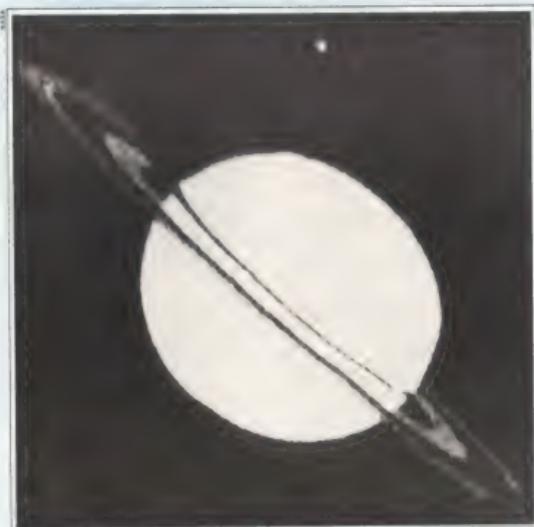
To catch quarks in that playful activity, four separate teams of experimenters—involving 300 scientists from eight countries, including the U.S.—turned to West Germany's new PETRA colliding beam accelerator in Hamburg. The powerful machine accelerates electrons to energies of 15 billion electron volts and sends them barreling head-on into their antimatter opposites, particles called positrons, coming at high speed from the opposite direction. In the

past, when such experiments have been tried with other accelerators operating at lower energies, the debris from the electron-positron collisions has consisted of only two "jets," or streams, of hadrons. But this time the physicists saw three jets: as they interpreted the results, two were from a quark and its antimatter equivalent, the antiquark; the third apparently from a gluon.

All this was highly exciting news to the nearly 600 physicists from 38 countries gathered at the Fermi accelerator. If gluons really exist, they are the first strong proof of an esoteric yet extremely important new physical theory called quantum chromodynamics, or QCD. Although more experimental work will be necessary to establish the existence of gluons, already some bold theorists are using QCD in an ambitious attempt to succeed by other means where Einstein failed. That could eventually mean a union of all four of nature's basic forces—gravitation, electromagnetism and the nuclear strong and weak forces. Predicted Israeli Theorist Haim Harari of the Weizmann Institute of Science: "Five years from now when we look back, we will all agree that the gluon was discovered in the summer of '79."



The unity seeker



Swinging by Saturn

At NASA's Ames Research Center, near San Francisco, scientists fretted in their seats. But as the pictures flashed onto the screen, the tension eased. After a journey of 6½ years, the small unmanned Pioneer 11 spacecraft was fast approaching Saturn, whose image was being sent back with more clarity than could be obtained by any earth-bound telescope. One especially intriguing view, taken by the robot from a distance of 3.2 million km (2 million miles), showed both the giant ringed planet, a huge gaseous sphere 815 times larger than Earth, and its major moon, Titan, where scientists have not entirely given up hope of finding evidence of primitive life forms. Pioneer also radioed data on two other Saturnian satellites (among ten known ones): Iapetus, whose puzzling bright side seems to be crusted with ice, and Mimas, a similar icy moon. One surprise: there was far more debris in the wide gap between Saturn's outermost rings than could be seen from Earth, but no trace of a fifth ring beyond the four known ones. At week's end the probe swept through this outer region, coming within 21,000 km (13,000 miles) of Saturn's cloud tops in the first rendezvous with that distant planet.



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Law

Big Bucks from "Bad Faith"

A California lawyer vs. the insurance industry

In 1970 Michael Egan, a roofer in Pomona, Calif., fell off a ladder and seriously injured his back. Though he could walk, he was no longer able to work. But Egan thought he was protected: he had taken out an insurance policy that guaranteed him \$200 a month for life in the event of a totally disabling injury. He did indeed start getting checks from his insurer, Mutual of Omaha, but after a while a Mutual claims adjuster began harassing him as a fraud and malingerer. In 1971

begin handing out huge awards in bad faith cases, despite the industry's complaint that genuine cases of wrongdoing are rare and reflect only isolated mistakes. Indeed more than 20 states in the past ten years have ruled that juries can award punitive damages in bad faith cases.

Insurers have taken some comfort from the latest turn in the Egan case: the California Supreme Court has ordered the punitive award to be cut. Noting that the \$5 million sum amounted to nearly 60% of Mutual's 1974 net income, the court said that the award was bloated by the "passion and prejudice" of the jury. A new trial must now be held to set a fairer award, but the decision left no doubt that courts could continue to exact punitive damages from insurance companies.

When the California court was ruling on the Egan case, Lawyer Shernoff was off in Mississippi instructing another jury in what he calls "the therapeutic concept of punitive damages." His client this time was Wilfred Fayard, 58, a sheet metal worker, who had suffered a back injury while carrying a bathtub. Fayard lost his disability benefits because his injury was considered by his insurance company to be "nonconfining." That was because Fayard, on doctor's orders, managed to walk a few hundred yards every day for exercise. At the trial, a former claims adjuster for Fayard's insurers, Pennsylvania Life, testified that adjusters were under a quota to "close," or terminate, half their customers' claims. The jury awarded Fayard \$175,000.

Shernoff says that the nonconfinement clause is only one lever that unscrupulous adjusters may use to squeeze customers out of their benefits. Another device is the common requirement that insured people fully disclose their medical histories. In one California case, a Shernoff client with a back injury had been denied coverage because she failed to report that she had rhinitis and amenorrhea. Rhinitis is the medical term for a runny nose; amenorrhea means that she had an erratic menstrual cycle. Shernoff settled that case for \$50,000.

Shernoff, 41, describes himself as "a one-man prosecutor going around the country imposing fines and penalties on insurance companies for illegal conduct." He argues that punitive damages offer the only effective way to protect consumers from wrongdoing by insurers, since claims practices are not closely regulated. In all of 1978, Shernoff points out, the California Department of Insurance collected \$7 million for 13,000 claimants: but in just two months last spring, Shernoff won

awards and settlements totaling \$3 million for 26 claimants.

Insurance executives, however, argue that punitive damages are nothing but a windfall for the plaintiff and his attorney. Big awards, they say, make it easier for people with dubious claims to bargain companies into paying large settlements, which in turn are paid for by others in the form of increased premiums. Says William Adams, associate general counsel of Occidental Life: "People with unquestionable claims, and that's about 95%, are not benefited by Shernoff's activities. He should not be pounding the table claiming he's helping the consumer. He's hurting most of them."

Insurance men grudgingly admire



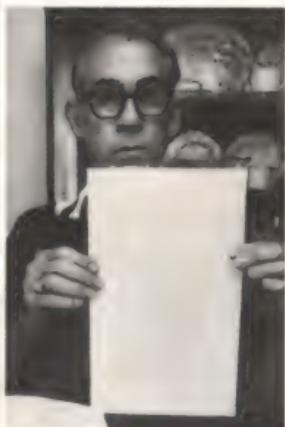
Attorney William Shernoff

Helping the consumer?

the company decided that Egan, who had a history of back trouble, was not disabled by his injury after all, but rather by an illness. Under his policy, that entitled him to benefits for only three months.

Egan fought back by hiring William Shernoff, a Claremont, Calif., lawyer whose specialty is suing insurance companies for dealing in "bad faith" with their customers. In 1974 Shernoff not only persuaded a jury to award Egan \$123,600 in damages for lost benefits and emotional distress, but he also won a whopping \$5 million in punitive damages. That was a blow to Mutual's image as well as to its pocketbook: under California law, punitive damages are awarded to punish and deter "oppression, fraud or malice."

As the biggest in a series of punitive damage awards handed down by California's notably pro-consumer juries, the Egan judgment shocked the insurance industry. It fears that juries everywhere will



Client Fayard and the \$175,000 verdict

Or just pushing up costs for everybody?

Shernoff's courtroom mastery. Says one: "He can get a jury really worked up." Yet Shernoff, who grew up in Wisconsin farm country, has none of the slickness of the stereotypical California personal-injury lawyer. Says he: "My English isn't the greatest, but I know what I'm doing: the little guy against the insurance giant."

With fees ranging from one-third to 40% of what damage payments he wins, Shernoff is understandably sensitive to suggestions that he and his clients are reaping windfalls. With the California Trial Lawyers Association, he is pushing for a bill in the California legislature that would allow judges to give 25% of what ever punitive damages are awarded in bad faith cases to any group or agency established as an insurance industry watchdog. Shernoff and the trial lawyers have also successfully lobbied against bills, backed by the insurance companies, that would sharply limit punitive damages. ■

Religion

A Church That Would Not Die

China's Christians re-emerge as Peking changes policy

In 1966 Red Guards burned Bibles in the streets of Shanghai for several afternoons. When boredom set in, the surviving stock was sent off to a pulping plant. In Xiamen (Amoy), a similar burning took place but with a sinister twist: Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. workers were forced to kneel by the books until their cheeks and hands blistered from the fire. All over China, church buildings were pillaged, closed down or turned into warehouses. Chinese Christians were often tortured or killed if they did not repudiate their beliefs. At the height of the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution, the last eight Western Christian workers in China, Roman Catholic nuns from a school for diplomats' children in Peking, were hounded across the border into Hong Kong by jeering Red Guards. Their crude expulsion seemed to symbolize Communist China's last judgment on four centuries of Western missionary endeavor.

That was 13 years ago. Since then, the death of Mao Tse-tung and a political convulsion have brought to power a more outward looking regime led by Hua Guofeng and Deng Xiaoping. Last week China seemed intent on showing the rest

of the world a newer, more tolerant face toward Christianity—and other religions as well. As official Chinese delegates to the Third Assembly of the World Conference on Religion and Peace in Princeton, N.J., eight Chinese religious leaders arrived in the U.S. for the ten-day meeting. The group included Buddhists, Muslims and Christians, among them Anglican Bishop Ding Guangxun (K.H. Ting), 64, who 13 years ago was removed from his house and lost his job as president of Nanjing Theological Seminary after the place was abruptly shut down. It was only the second time in three decades that any Chinese Christian leaders had been permitted to visit the U.S.

Bishop Ding's arrival was the latest in a series of moves by Chinese authorities to extend the hand of recognition to China's Christians and other religious believers. In January the Religious Affairs Bureau, dormant for years, was revived in Peking, along with units in

Shanghai and Canton. In February a national-level conference in Kunming, capital of Yunnan province, established an eight-year plan for government-sponsored academic research on religion. Shanghai's Catholic Bishop Gong Binmei (Kung Pin-mei), 77, and Protestant Evangelist Wang Mingda (Wang Ming-tao), 79, both imprisoned for over 20 years, have reportedly been released. The *People's Daily* declared that China's government would "staunchly and consistently" uphold article 46 of China's 1978 constitution. Article 46 guarantees that the people have "freedom to believe in religion and freedom not to believe in religion."

Characteristically, the article takes back with the left hand what it gave with the right. A further clause guarantees freedom "to propagate atheism." Despite the new "soft line," Peking has never abandoned its Marxist hostility to all religion. It believes that, after suitable "atheistic education," the Chinese will "throw off the various kinds of spiritual shackles." The new thaw is essentially an expression of a "united front" policy toward China's primary problem: modernization. The government is determined to attract wide support both at home and abroad for its ambitious new economic and social goals.

There has also been an implicit recognition of a perplexing reality. The harsh 1966-76 drive to expunge major religions from the national consciousness was a failure. According to China's religious leaders in the U.S. last week, Islam's 10 million adherents have held on. Buddhism's 100 million believers are "lingering." Christianity, according to Bishop Ding, has actually gained "new converts." The official count back in 1954 was 700,000 baptized Protestants and about 3 million Roman Catholics. Today there are no accurate statistics. But it is clear that persecution has created thousands of small, self-contained Christian communities, which operate in secret, mostly without an ordained minister, often without scriptures.

A picture of these small but highly evangelical Chinese congregations has been emerging from recent accounts by Overseas Chinese visitors to close Christian friends and relatives. Jonathan Chao, of Hong Kong's Chinese Church Research Center, says that in the late 1960s the first clandestine groups met in threes and fours in private homes. As the pressures lessened somewhat, the numbers grew from 30 to 50 at each meeting. They would sing, pray, study Bible passages painstakingly copied by hand, and listen to a "sermon" from one of their own.



In happier days kindergarten children say grace at Hangzhou mission in 1946

"Lord, be with us and protect our meeting from being interrupted."



Bishop Ding Guangxun

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Numbers grew swiftly, especially after reports that physical and mental illnesses were cured by prayer.

In Hong Kong last week one Christian newly arrived from China told TIME's Hong Kong Correspondent Bing Wong about a large meeting. Her story: "There were 800 of us gathered in a masonry barn near a coastal city in Guangdong. It was warm, and there was no breeze, so the barn became stuffy at times. As no chairs or benches were available, everybody stood. The leader played the rickety piano and led the congregation in singing hymns. After the sermon we prayed: 'Lord, be with us and protect our meeting from being interrupted.' Nobody had a Bible, a hymn book or a prayer script."

In an obvious attempt to assert party control over this religious revival, Chinese authorities are now trying to reconstitute the Chinese Three-Self Patriotic Movement, a sort of Protestant superchurch originally set up in the 1950s to cut off all links to foreign churches and unite Protestants in one government-controlled group. The "Three-Selfs" stand for self-government, self-propagation and self-support. But the organization is still mistrusted by Christians; they remember the old days when it sowed suspicion in congregations in order to sabotage the influence of independent-minded church leaders.

While courting their country's Protestants, China's Communist authorities have not neglected the much larger Roman Catholic community. Late in July the Catholic Patriotic Association, China's "autonomous" Catholic church, which was forced to break with Rome in 1957, elected a new "bishop," Michael Fu Tieshan, 47. The appointment was the first since the death of Yao Guangyu in 1964. Chinese Catholics have been cut off from Rome and from the reforms of the Second Vatican Council. (At the only legally open Catholic church, in Peking, the Mass is still said in Latin.) The Vatican has refused to recognize Fu's election. But when Pope John Paul II recently spoke of those ties to the Chinese Catholic community that "never have been broken spiritually," he was implicitly offering to open diplomatic relations again. Peking quickly responded.

As a final sweetener in the attempt to attract Christians to official church programs, the government is planning to print a revised edition of the Bible, the so-called "Union" translation of 1919. The New Testament portion is promised for next spring. That news should be encouraging to American evangelicals, who have had a special feeling for China as a missionary field for more than a century. How many copies will ever reach China's Christians remains a question. Meanwhile, one observer of the scene in Hong Kong remained optimistic about the Chinese church. Citing a Chinese proverb, he said: "In no prairie fire do seeds perish; see, their new blades shoot forth amidst the spring breezes." ■



Hogs feeding in experimental program at research station in Terre Haute

Medicine

Drugged Cows

Antibiotics are feed for thought

Antibiotics like penicillin, streptomycin and tetracycline have revolutionized medicine, and they have been wonder drugs for agriculture as well. Today about two-thirds of our cattle and nearly all poultry, hogs and veal calves are raised on feed laced with the drugs. Animals consume almost 8 million lbs. a year, nearly 40% of U.S. production. The antibiotics not only keep them healthy in their crowded pens but, for reasons not yet clear, also speed up growth on less feed. Now, after a quarter-century of largely uncritical acceptance, the practice is being sharply questioned. Reason: the drugs the animals consume may cause difficulties in man.

The trouble stems from the growing resistance of disease-causing microbes to antibiotics. By the 1970s, the trend had grown to alarming proportions. Penicillin, once a sure cure for most forms of venereal disease, in more and more cases turned out to be ineffective. When doctors tried alternative therapies, they discovered that some bacteria had resistance to several drugs.

These defenses were an example of extraordinary bacterial cunning. Along with their regular complement of DNA, or genes, the single-celled creatures are endowed with extra bits of genetic material called plasmids, which often provide a remarkable capability. The plasmids contain instructions enabling the microbe to produce enzymes that either destroy or immobilize the most powerful antibiotics. Floating freely within the cells, the plasmids can be transferred from one microbe to another. When this happens, a bacterium once vulnerable

to a drug can acquire a resistance to it and, more important, pass that genetic defense on to its descendants.

Many scientists are afraid that the acquisition of such bacterial immunity is greatly hastened by adding antibiotics to animal feed. Most livestock already harbor large populations of drug-resistant bacteria, since the less hardy microbes are wiped out by the drugs. Opponents of the feed practice argue that even with relatively clean handling and packaging conditions, these bacteria could be transferred to meat and poultry products and eventually wind up in the human gastrointestinal tract. There they could pass on their defensive plasmids to resident bacteria in the gut. One strong piece of evidence: people who are often in contact with drug-containing animal feed or raw meat, like workers on farms or in slaughterhouses, have more drug-resistant bacteria in their intestines than do those in other occupations.

Since 1972 the Food and Drug Administration has been trying to follow the example of Britain and other European countries in limiting antibiotics in animal feeds. But a coalition of pharmaceutical manufacturers and farming interests has persuaded Congress to stay any action pending further studies.* This group contends that the real culprits are physicians who prescribe antibiotics indiscriminately for almost any ailment: colds, for instance, which are caused by viruses and are unaffected by antibiotics. Another consideration, they add, is economic: limiting antibiotics in animal feed could substantially raise the cost of producing poultry and meat, in some instances by as much as 25%. ■

*The FDA has also been stymied in banning another substance given to animals to boost growth: the hormone DRS (diethylstilbestrol), which is known to cause cancer in humans.

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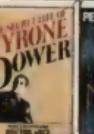
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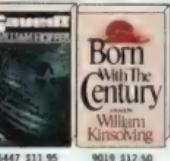
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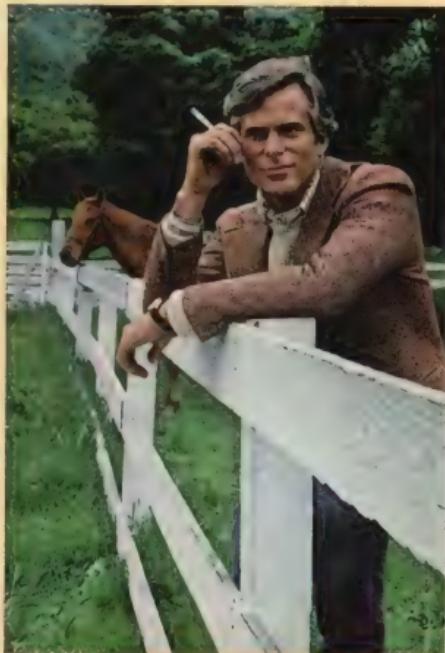
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Music

England's Own Fair Son

Alan Price moves between rock and pop, conscience and whimsy

Growing up, you heard fairy tales. Growing up in the north of England, Alan Price heard about the Jarrow March.

The government shut down the ship-building yards, even blew up construction cranes. The workers were starving, their children had rickets. The people of Jarrow staged a hunger march, walked the 280 miles to London to confront a government that refused to see them. Some 30 years later, Price wrote a song for them. It was filled with pride, a particular kind of chin-out toughness set to an easy melody fit for a pub choir, and it had a memorable chorus: "And if they don't give us a couple o' bob/Won't even give you a decent job/Then...with my blessings, burn them down."

Price is not best known for the incendiary qualities of his music. His keyboard skills have been celebrated since his days as a cornerstone member of the Animals, one of the most vigorous of the Beatles-era British rock groups. His songs for Lindsay Anderson's mock epic of modern England, *O Lucky Man* (1973), stand as one of the decade's most original film scores. But the spike in his lyrics can be easy to miss: it is hidden neatly between a rich melody and a smooth delivery that owes as much to cabaret as to the Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park. Lately, too, his songs have grown rather more introspective and relaxed, concentrating on private dilemmas and domestic relations. A just-released album called *Lucky Day* opens with a modified disco tune that flirts with frivolity. But the record closes out on a sardonic anthem in the old style, *England My England*. The song discusses the shortsighted lives of Lazy Eddie ("If the sea was beer he'd probably sign the pledge") and his benighted girlfriend and gives them their own little marching song: "England my England, my England, my my/ We are your children, oh England don't cry."

Lucky Day, ebullient and ironic by turns, is obviously an attempt to break some new ground, both a modification of what Price has called "diary music" and a tentative rapprochement with "have fun" tunes. It may seem like a transitional record. But first cut to last, it sounds like a good time, the restless work of a front-rank pop talent.

Price's gifts seem, to American ears, peculiarly English, and that may be one reason American ears have not been as responsive as the music merits. He brings

rock to the music hall, overlays it with suggestions of '50s club jazz and well-shaken pop, and comes up with a sound that seems to fall between any two stations on your radio dial. You can drift easily along with an aged-in-wood Price bailed like *I Love You Too* and nearly not hear the scalding observation "Love only lasts until believers leave us" stashed

PAUL SLAUGHTER



The artist takes a breather after completing new album
A misfit imagination and a serpent in the sheets.

between choruses like a serpent in the sheets. Price is a jaded romantic with a misfit imagination and a battered social conscience, a lapsed rocker who has taken in the middle ground without losing his principles.

By the time he was 16 and attending the Jarrow Grammar School, Price had formed a blues and skiffle-based band that toured the northeast of England. Singer Eric Burdon signed on, and the group came shortly to be known as the Animals, in commemoration of the fine fren-

zy of their performances. "In the beginning," Price told TIME's Diane Couto, "we had a kind of religious zeal about blues. We came from a depressed area, and that made us think we were England's Negroes." Success brought Price not only flat up against the hollowness of such self-mythologizing, but produced the usual tensions and conflicts within the group. The Animals turned out three albums, six singles and went on three different tours in one year, all without emotional or practical preparation. "From the day we turned professional we never had another rehearsal," Price says now. "We had to rely completely on material from our amateur years." He wrangled repeatedly with Burdon. The group, once his, "turned into a collective. Then we turned into moneymakers. And ego freaks." Price broke away in 1965.

Price did not really come into his own until Director Lindsay Anderson persuaded him to write a full score for *O Lucky Man*. Abounding in cyanide and sentiment, *O Lucky Man* seemed to help Price set a tone for his own material. He now says: "That music was sort of a confession for me."

From *O Lucky Man* Price embarked on his own epic, a concept album called *Between Today and Yesterday* that contained *Jarrow Song* and attempted to reconcile his roots in the north with the strains and quandaries of his life in contemporary London. It was an altogether extraordinary piece of work, but the record created problems. "People thought of me as some sort of left-wing radical," Price says. "It's a load of rubbish." Worse, the record failed to make any commercial impression in the States. Price changed record companies, but his work went unreleased in the U.S. By rights, *Lucky Day* should correct that situation and kick up some dust besides.

Price just put the finishing touches on a whole new album in Los Angeles and has returned home to London, where it is his particular, if perhaps not wholly serious, pleasure to affect some of the graces of a gent. At 37, he shares "a whole organized life that has nothing to do with rock 'n' roll" with Actress Jill Townsend; his daughter Elizabeth, 8; and her son

Luke, 6. "I'm a man who dreams continually of retirement," he claims. "I'm a member of a golf club and an art club. I play on the dart team at the local pub and I direct a football club." His attitude is casual enough to make his music seem like an afterthought, and he might even get you to believe it. If the tunes didn't linger so long, that is. And the lyrics didn't keep teasing and nagging at you. And if Price didn't repeatedly blow his own cover with the full force of his gift.

— Jay Cocks

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People



The Endorsers: John Chancellor, Warren Beatty, Daniel Moynihan, Henry Kissinger, Ronald Reagan, John Galbraith, Theodore White, L.M. Pei.

"Hurry and subscribe now, and for a limited time only you too can run for President," date **Diane Keaton** and anchor the network news!" That offer isn't being made, at least not yet, but three people who pursue such interests—as well as five more equally busy gentlemen, from Statesman **Henry Kissinger** to Architect **L.M. Pei**—have lent their names and faces to a campaign designed to attract advertisers to some of their favorite publications. The journals all have small circulations, and none bulges with ads. But oh what readers! Each of the endorsers subscribes to the magazine he is hawking; however, not all were aware of the company that they would be keeping in the campaign. Yet at least one participant, Economist **John Kenneth Galbraith**, a fan of the liberal *New York Review of Books*, is unperturbed: "Anyone can survive guilty by association—that doesn't refer to the magazines, but to my fellow collaborators."

They seem adrift on a lazy summer outing, but Activists **Bella Abzug** and **Gloria Steinem** are actually firing some shots across someone else's bow. The two rented a rowboat in New York City's Central Park in order to dramatize, according to Mrs. Abzug, the fact "that while President Carter was showboating on the Mississippi, Americans were left up the creek in the fight against rising prices." To itemize that metaphor, the two sailors paid only \$3 for their trip, while the presidential excursion cost several thousand. The pair also launched a new political organization called Women U.S.A. and urged their sisters across the land to ship their household bills, once paid, to Congress as a protest. Somehow, however, the ladies of the lake look bemused.

"And now, in this corner . . . Ed ('Too Tall') Jones?" The 6-ft. 9-in. Tennessean played

defensive end for the Dallas Cowboys for five seasons, but he has abandoned his \$150,000-a-year gridiron career for a shot at professional boxing. "Football was always my third favorite sport," he says. "Basketball is two. Boxing is No. 1." At 28, Jones certainly has a No. 1 physique: he weighs 248 lbs., has an 85-in. reach (9% in. longer than Muhammad Ali's) and a 15-in. fist (as big as Sonny Liston's). To prepare for his ring debut in November, Jones goes to a Manhattan gym daily to spar four rounds and punch a 150-lb. bag for another six. He then shadowboxes, works out with his trainer and does calisthenics before finishing up with six miles of road-work. Some 70 offers for fights have come in so far, and Jones figures on three dozen bouts before taking on a real heavyweight contender. "You gotta crawl before you walk," he says. And if "Too Tall" never gets to stand up, there is always sport No. 2.

On the Record

Hugh Gallen, Democratic Governor of New Hampshire, on energy and his state's 1980 primary: "If your pipes are frozen and you have a President on the streets asking for your vote, the voters are going to answer that gentleman."

Jesse Helms, Republican Senator from North Carolina, on the SALT II treaty: "Ask the average fellow about MIRVs, and he says, 'Oh yeah, the TV show host.'"

The Challengers: Bella Abzug and Gloria Steinem (below) and Ed ("Too Tall") Jones (right)



MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

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Gold makes a lot of other things possible in today's world, too. And gold is becoming increasingly important as man's technology expands and develops. In 1978 some 16% of all the gold produced was used by industry in applications that ranged all the way from dentistry to microelectronics.

Next year, the figure is expected to increase as gold finds new and wider uses.

Gold's unique combination of qualities is what makes it so useful and versatile. Characteristics like its remarkable workability, its ability to withstand corrosion, its excellent conductivity for electric current, its unusual optical properties, its self-lubricating ability, and others, make it an ideal material for many applications.

In the case of the firefighter's mask mentioned above, an almost invisibly thin film of gold in the faceplate reflects infrared light (the part of the spectrum we sense as heat), but lets the visible part pass through. This protects the firefighter's face from the burning heat while letting him see clearly. He can literally walk right into the heart of the blaze and see precisely where he's going.

Gold's exceptional ability to block infrared rays has become even more important because of the energy crisis. With fuel costs rising, air-conditioning is rapidly becoming more and more expensive, especially in the many large buildings that have a great deal of wall space devoted to windows.

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fire and other tales



100,000 Americans are finding relief from rheumatoid arthritis with gold salts therapy.

back into rooms. At present, some 200 American office buildings are using gold in an effort to save energy.

Gold's workability and its ability to resist corrosion make it highly useful in dentistry. Gold, usually mixed with other metals, is an ideal material for the creation of virtually indestructible fillings. Alloys containing gold are an equally good choice, for exactly the same reasons, for the construction of orthodontic devices. Many are the



Gold alloy wire can be drawn thinner than a human hair, for use in microcircuitry.

beautiful smiles that have gotten that way thanks to gold!

Gold has also proven beneficial in medicine. In as many as 7 out of 10 cases of rheumatoid arthritis, a series of intramuscular injections of gold salts leads to a reduction of the painful symptoms of this crippling disease. One specialist calculates that there are about 100,000 people in the United States currently on gold treatment.

The modern solid-state electronics industry is one of the largest users of gold in America today. Solid-state devices like the pocket calculator employ very low voltages and currents. For this reason, it is critically important that circuits, connectors, and contact points have low resistance to electrical current and remain free from any tarnishing film that might interrupt the flow. Gold won't corrode or oxidize and thus remains both chemically and metallurgically stable over the life of a device. It also is highly conductive. In addition, because gold is so ductile, it can be drawn into wires as thin as one one-thousandth of an inch for use in microcircuitry. One expert estimates that more than 10 billion tiny electrical contacts are made with gold every year!

Nowadays, gold's usefulness isn't limited to Earth. As man has left his planet to explore outer space and the solar system, gold has journeyed with him. The first American to walk in space was attached to his spacecraft by an umbilical cord coated with gold to protect it from the sun. As a high energy radiation shield, gold goes on space suits, capsules, rocket engines, helmets, visors, and tether lines to protect men and equipment from the heat of the sun, rocket blasts, and

reentry. Gold's low coefficient of friction makes it useful for lubrication of sliding or rolling surfaces in the vacuum environment of space where ordinary lubricants vaporize. And gold is found throughout the electronic circuitry that guides and controls the spacecraft and its instruments.

These are only a few of the ways gold affects people's daily lives. The tales of other uses go on and on and on... touch-tone telephones, containing 33 gold contacts; solar energy collectors and concentrators; gold-palladium spark plugs for surer starts in sub-freezing weather; transparent, conductive films to keep airplane and



Gold protected both the Lunar Landing Module and its crew on the surface of the moon.

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Television



Janitors Michael Keaton and Jim Belushi on the job in *Working Stiffs*



Angel Jimmy Brogan in *Out of the Blue*

The 1979-80 Season: I

Retreads, spin-offs and rip-offs dominate prime time

If American mass culture is a true index of the national spirit, then the 1980s may be more boring than the 1970s. Or so one might conclude after surveying the network television schedules that will usher in the next decade. The new series of the 1979-80 season are a mostly flavorless assortment of retreads, spin-offs and rip-offs; there are no innovative programs and few fresh faces in sight. Though the past few years were not much better, they did at least offer such novel phenomena as *Soap*, *Lifeline*, Suzanne Somers and Robin Williams. The 1979-80 network lineup is so tame that it even lacks that saving spice of commercial television—triumphantly bad taste.

One of the season's most bizarre, and inexplicable, developments is the resurgence of cop and detective shows. They account for a third of the new series. California police, already glorified by NBC's *CHPs*, will now be featured in both ABC's *240-Robert* (from the creator of *CHPs*) and CBS's *Paris* (starring James Earl Jones). Joe Don Baker plays the New York City chief of detectives in NBC's *Fischbeck* (a spin-off of the TV miniseries *To Kill a Cop*). Claude Akins is a small-town Southern sheriff in the same network's *The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo* (a spin-off of *B.J. and the Bear*). ABC's *Hart to Hart* stars a jet-set husband-wife sleuthing team (Robert Wagner and Stefanie Powers). In CBS's *Big Shamus*, Little Shamus, father and son (Brian Dennehy and Doug McKeon) become the first TV detectives to police Atlantic City's new casinos. For audiences who take

crime lightly, ABC has a sitcom called *Detective School*. NBC is unveiling a James Bond clone (Robert Conrad) in *A Man Called Sloane*.

When cops dominate the tube, doctors and lawyers usually follow close behind. Both ABC and CBS have new medical hours: *The Lazarus Syndrome* (starring Louis Gossett Jr.) and *Trapper John, M.D.* (a *M*A*S*H* spin-off starring Pernell Roberts and set 28 years after the Korean War). ABC's sitcom *The Associates*, from the creators of *Taxi*, takes place in a Wall Street law firm. Other new sitcoms are built around fatherless families, in imitation of CBS's long-run-

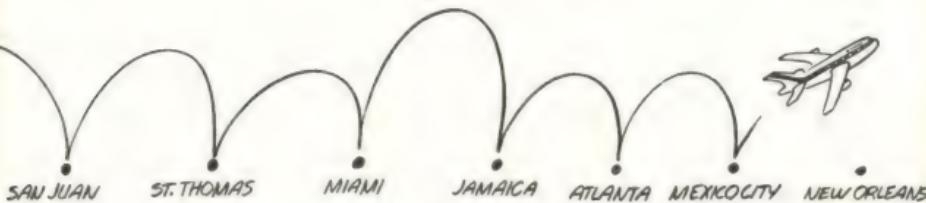
ning Norman Lear sitcom *One Day at a Time*. Shirley Jones, years ago a single mom in *The Partridge Family*, will do it again on NBC's hour-long *Shirley*. Eileen Brennan gets her own set of kiddies in ABC's *A New Kind of Family*.

If there is any cause for optimism about the new season, it derives only from the fact that the ratings race should kill many of the new series early on. Already there is one potential casualty: last week ABC yanked *Nobody's Perfect*, another new detective comedy, from the fall schedule for extensive repairs. That trouble spot notwithstanding, former CBS Programming Chief Mike Dann predicts that



First Daughter Missy Gold and Butler Robert Guillaume in *Benson*
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Television

ABC will once again sweep the Nielsens, winning 28 of prime time's 44 weekly half-hours, with CBS taking twelve and NBC four. Should this prognosis prove accurate—and it probably will—the losing networks will be reshuffling their programs with mad abandon by Thanksgiving, if not before.

Poor last-place NBC is pinning its big hopes on such stale items as *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* (from the same folks who launched the crash-landed *Battlestar Galactica*) and *From Here to Eternity* (a spin-off of a miniseries). As Johnny Carson put it in an opening monologue this summer, "The NBC peacock looked at the fall schedule—and he's not so proud." When that schedule bites the dust, maybe NBC's beleaguered Fred Silverman will at last rise from defeat and give network programming the jolt it so desperately needs.

Among the new season's first crop of premiers:

Benson (Sept. 13, ABC, 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.) Scheduled behind *Laverne & Shirley*, this *Soap* spin-off is one of the season's few sure hits. Unfortunately, Writer Susan Harris has not capitalized on her secure ratings position by creating a daring and witty show. *Benson* is another sitcom dedicated to the tedious proposition that servants and children are smarter than employers or parents. In this case the employer is a moronic Governor (James Noble) who hires black Butler Benson (Robert Guillaume) to run his household and, by inference, his unidentified Eastern state. Except for Benson and the Governor's unspeakably precocious teenage daughter (Missy Gold), the series is entirely inhabited by knaves and fools. Harris even drags in a barking German housekeeper (Inga Swenson) who would be more appropriate to *Hogan's Heroes*. The restrained Guillaume is a refreshing antidote to the caricatured blacks one normally finds in TV comedy, but this series needs political bite and sharper writing to prevent its captive audience from nodding out.

Out of the Blue (Sept. 9, ABC, 7 p.m. E.D.T.) People who go to the improvisational comedy clubs in New York City and Los Angeles know that Jimmy Brogan is probably the best comic to hit that circuit since Robin Williams. ABC wisely signed him up, only to cast him in this tired *Mork & Mindy* retreat about an angel who moves to earth. Unlike the manic Williams, who makes a guest appearance in *Blue's* first episode, Brogan is a quiet, reflective comedian. In his stand-up act he functions as a bemused straight man, playing off the audience, and does not deliver a set routine. ABC would have been smart to put him in something like the old *Jack Benny Show*, where he would have a cast of idiosyncratic characters to bounce off of. Instead the network has plunked Brogan down in a household of bland orphans and demanded that he clown

around like Mork to keep the show flying. That is not Brogan's talent, but then this sitcom is so badly written even Williams would not be able to save it. Opposite CBS's *60 Minutes*, *Blue* should be put out of its misery very soon. ABC owes this series' misused star another shot.

Working Stiffs (Sept. 15, CBS, 8 p.m. E.D.T.) Laverne herself (Penny Marshall, that is) directed the first episode of this

male *Laverne & Shirley* rip-off. It stars Jim Belushi (John's brother) and Michael Keaton as janitors who go to work for their uncle in a Chicago office building. Both actors appeared in quick flops last season (*Who's Watching the Kids?*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Hour*), but *Working Stiffs* could be their fastest cancellation yet. There are only so many jokes to be made about moving furniture, and none of them is funny.

—Frank Rich



Anthony Hopkins as Edmund Kean and Robert Stephens as the Prince of Wales



Sartre's Secret

KEAN

PBS, Sept. 9 and Sept. 16

September also marks the beginning of the TV year for PBS and "Masterpiece Theater." In this two-part series, the season's opener, they share the pleasure of revealing one of France's best-kept secrets: Jean-Paul Sartre is a very funny man. *Kean*, which he wrote for the Paris stage 25 years ago, is the proof. Loosely based on the life of Britain's great 19th century actor, Edmund Kean, it can only be described as an existential farce, a humorous assault on both head and heart.

Kean was the first superstar, an Olivier onstage and an Errol Flynn off, a rake, a wastrel and yet an actor, as Critic William Hazlitt said, who had "a gleam of genius." If he were at the end of his career today, he would be writing his memoirs in Malibu and growing rich off Polaroid commercials. In Sartre's play, however, he is dodging creditors, juggling mistresses and in his spare moments asking himself that old existential question: Who am I? Sartre's answer, given with stylish wit, is that Kean is like all of life's actors, a mirror that exists only through the force of

his own will. When that disappears, so does he.

Actors playing actors are usually disappointing, and Anthony Hopkins, who has been asked to portray one of the greatest, is, regrettably, no exception. He has the talent, technique and energy for the part, but he lacks the presence and personality. Robert Stephens, who is the Prince of Wales—a player prince to Kean's prince of players—has both, and he all but steals the show. It is a pity that the two roles were not reversed.

An even greater pity is that American viewers will not be seeing the full BBC version of the play. In Britain, plays are allowed to run at odd lengths, as content dictates. On PBS, which has mimicked the rigid schedules of the commercial networks, content must conform to the clock. As a result, twelve minutes were chopped from the BBC's version of *Kean*. Most of the loss has been in those offhand moments that give the play texture, but a couple of key scenes have also been dropped, making the first hour unnecessarily difficult. Joan Sullivan, producer of "Masterpiece Theater," argues that her option was to show either a cut *Kean* or no *Kean* at all. It was a choice that PBS should not have forced her or her viewers to make.

—Gerald Clarke



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Education

E Pluribus Confusion

U.S. history texts turn a pageant into patchwork

It's textbook time again. In the next few weeks millions of American schoolchildren will be confronted by thick history books with uplifting names like *Rise of the American Nation* or *The Free and the Brave*.

For most students the book will represent their main chance of learning about U.S. history. For their middle-aged parents, such titles bring back memories of George Washington with an inked-in mustache, and their own introduction to a unified, changeless heritage: a view of America shaped by its great men, sealed against doubt, rocklike in the conviction of national righteousness.

But wait. That isn't General Custer on page 476 any more; it's a wronged native American called Sitting Bull. In general, generals are out. Sociology is in; so are racism and other apparently insoluble problems—pollution, poverty and the energy crisis. The illustrations show successful Chicanos and Asian Americans, most of them smiling a lot. Blacks were there before, but mainly as slaves and oppressed sharecroppers. Now they are scientists wearing lab coats. In the old pantheon of black leaders George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington have been joined not only by Martin Luther King Jr. but by Radical Educator W.E.B. Du Bois and Black Abolitionist Frederick Douglass. Susan B. Anthony has replaced Dolley Madison. As for the oldest of ethnic heroes, Christopher Columbus, he is only a bit player now.

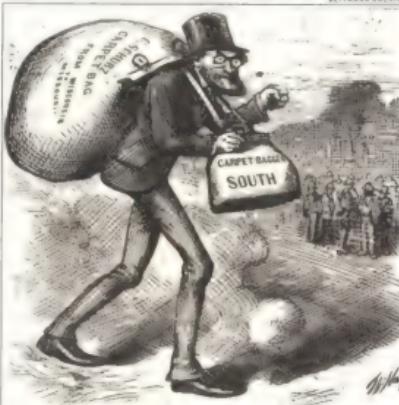
These dramatic exits and entrances are described in *America Revised* (Little, Brown, \$9.95), a heavily researched book due out this fall. Its author, Frances FitzGerald, 38, examines America's view of itself as reflected in school history texts going back more than a century. Her conclusion: the once familiar tapestry of American history, long Waspish, pious and upbeat, has been ripped apart and converted into a glib, pluralistic patchwork. America and its view of the past are now changing so rapidly that few American schoolchildren in the future will share any common attitude toward their country's history. The books they read, now produced by committees, not historians, are loath to proclaim any values as self-evident, including the notion of a lofty national destiny.

FitzGerald's account begins in the early 1800s, when U.S. schools relied heavily on textbooks because of a short-



General Custer out, Sitting Bull in

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Carpetbagger cartoon: in place of greed, "sincere" concern



Dolley Madison out, Susan B. Anthony in
In general, generals were out.

age of trained teachers. The dependence was so marked that textbook use in Europe became known as "the American system." The authors, often clergymen, had no problem defining the national identity: it was white, Protestant and suspicious of foreigners. The Rev. Jedidiah Morse, for example, a friend of Dictionary Compiler Noah Webster's and the author of America's first geography textbook, described the Spanish as "naturally weak and effeminate."

In the 1840s the first wave of immigrants appeared from Ireland and Germany. According to FitzGerald, however, their presence was not seriously reflected in U.S. school textbooks until 1900, after the enormous influx of people from Eastern and Southern Europe had started. Even then the immigrants were referred to as "they," the Americans as "we." The hope was that they could be made more like us."

Despite the fact that the immigrants stirred up antiforeign prejudices, by 1907 the attempt to assimilate them produced the democratic melting pot theory, though years passed before textbooks preached it. National self-confidence, meanwhile, was being, further boosted by America's growing role on the global scene. David Saville Muzzey's *An American History*, the most successful U.S. history text ever, appeared in 1911. Muzzey imparted a courtly patrician New England tone in his history. He looked fondly toward Europe, disliked Reconstruction and was intensely patriotic about America's virtue and increasing power. He also wrote well, partly because he saw history as the work of great men whose stories made for a dramatic narrative. His book remained a standard text for more than 60 years.

It was not until the Depression that history texts began to grapple with the nation's changing social and cultural issues. The most notable grappler was Harold Rugg. In *An Introduction to the Problems of American Culture* and other books, he boldly discussed class structure, unemployment, even talked of socialism as a possible way of redistributing wealth. His texts were popular with liberals and sold widely. In the mid-1930s nearly half the schoolchildren of America read Rugg. But as war threatened, Rugg was thought to be un-American. In 1939 such diverse organizations as the American Legion and the Advertising Federation of America attacked his views. Rugg textbooks were dropped by schools.

The '50s brought other changes. The optimistic liberal internationalism of the New Deal was replaced in textbooks by a stern and admonitory anti-Communist

NEWSPAPERS.



MAGAZINES

A black and white photograph showing a stack of magazines or newspapers. The word "MAGAZINES" is printed in large, bold, white letters across the top of the stack. Below the stack, there's a dark, textured surface, possibly a table or shelf.

Who said no news is good news?

Without newspapers, your town could be missing a lot more than news.

For example, there'd be no ads. Without ads, stores would miss customers, movies would miss audiences, applicants would miss jobs, and so on.

That's exactly what could happen if newspapers weren't protected against loss by insurance. Few, if any, would be able to stay in business. The financial risks would be too great.

Insurance isn't just for when things go wrong. It also helps us get more out of life. And because insurance allows people to face financial risks they otherwise couldn't afford, it plays a vital role in America's free enterprise system.

We're proud of the insurance business. And the people involved in it. Especially our more than 5,000 independent insurance agents and brokers who, with us, are dedicated to helping insure the American way of life.

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Education

nism. In one volume, *The Story of American Democracy* by Mabel B. Casner and Ralph Henry Gabriel, junior high school children were encouraged to report to the FBI anyone they suspected of "Communist activity." Still, the old heroes lingered on—Custer, Robert E. Lee, "the friendly Indian, Squanto," who welcomed the Plymouth Rock Pilgrims in 1620 and showed them how to plant corn.

Sitting Bull's revenge did not come until the 1960s. The catalyst was the civil rights movement, which forced textbook publishers to do some justice to the role of blacks in American life. But other ethnic minorities, as well as women's groups and antiwar protesters, demanded redress. Organizations from the B'nai Brith Anti-Defamation League to the Council on Interracial Books for Children all pushed for revisions of textbook passages they considered demeaning. Even poor Squanto was taken to task by the Interracial Books People because by helping the Pilgrims, he had given aid and comfort to a foreign invader.

The result: in little more than a decade, American textbook history has become a crazy quilt of revised judgments. Reconstruction has been completely reinterpreted. Where Muzzey and many others castigated the "scalawags" and "carpetbaggers," a new edition of a bestselling history, the Lewis Paul Todd and Merle Curti *Rise of the American Nation*, speaks primly of "Radical Republicans" who were "influenced by a sincere feeling of obligation to the freed slaves." A few post-Viet Nam texts note the use of torture by U.S. soldiers in the Philippines in 1899, a subject never mentioned before.

Some changes represent an inclusion of facts previously suppressed. Some are



Author Frances Fitzgerald

Goodbye to the founding fathers too.

simply the result of shifting historical interpretations, still highly contested or questionable. Inevitably a changing country will reshape its vision of its own past, for good or ill. Frances Fitzgerald has kind words for some of the new texts—and techniques. Among them: so-called "inquiry" texts which, instead of presenting a strict chronology, offer primary sources organized around specific continuing historical issues: *The People Make a Nation* by Martin W. Sandler. Edwin C. Rosencrantz and Edward C. Martin delves extensively into such topics as "The Centralization of Power" and "The Black Looks at Himself." A section on "Found-

ers and Forefathers" includes quotations from John Winthrop to Oscar Handlin.

But the price for recent revisions, she feels, has been high. Because of the need not to offend anyone, history texts are not written any more. They are "developed," writes Fitzgerald, by editorial teams, sometimes involving a dozen people "and many compromises" to encourage acceptance by as many school systems as possible. A typical textbook project, the author reports, had nine consultants, including one for "learning skills" and one for "values." Such editions are continually revised to keep up with fashions. In 1975 many text houses were so distressed by women's group lobbying that they ordered editors to avoid such terms as "fatherland," and to replace familiar phrases like "the founding fathers" with, simply, "the founders."

Fitzgerald disapproves of Muzzey's historical viewpoint but likes his writing. She complains, correctly, about the "dullness" and timidity of modern textbooks, inevitable in books more concerned with commerce than with quality. But in some ways she is as divided as the texts she writes about. "All of us children of the 20th century know, or should know," she writes, "that there are no absolutes in human affairs." Today's textbooks do, fairly accurately, reflect that knowledge and mirror the confused national mood. The collapse of American confidence reflected in the histories since the 1960s is the product of the pluralism of values that Fitzgerald somewhat ironically espouses. Without a return to some consensus in society at large, no future textbook historian will ever again have Muzzey's authority or his winning "tone of self-assurance, his assumption of his own legitimacy in the American tradition." ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Debby Boone, 22, singing daughter of Balladeer Pat Boone; and her personal manager, Gabriel Ferrer, 22, son of Songstress Rosemary Clooney and Actor José Ferrer; in Hollywood. Wholesome Debby met the light of her life in a Bible class.

DIVORCED. Luci Johnson Nugent, 32, younger daughter of the late President Lyndon B. Johnson; and Pat Nugent, 36, partner in the firm that publishes the *Texas State Director*; after 13 years of marriage, four children; in Austin.

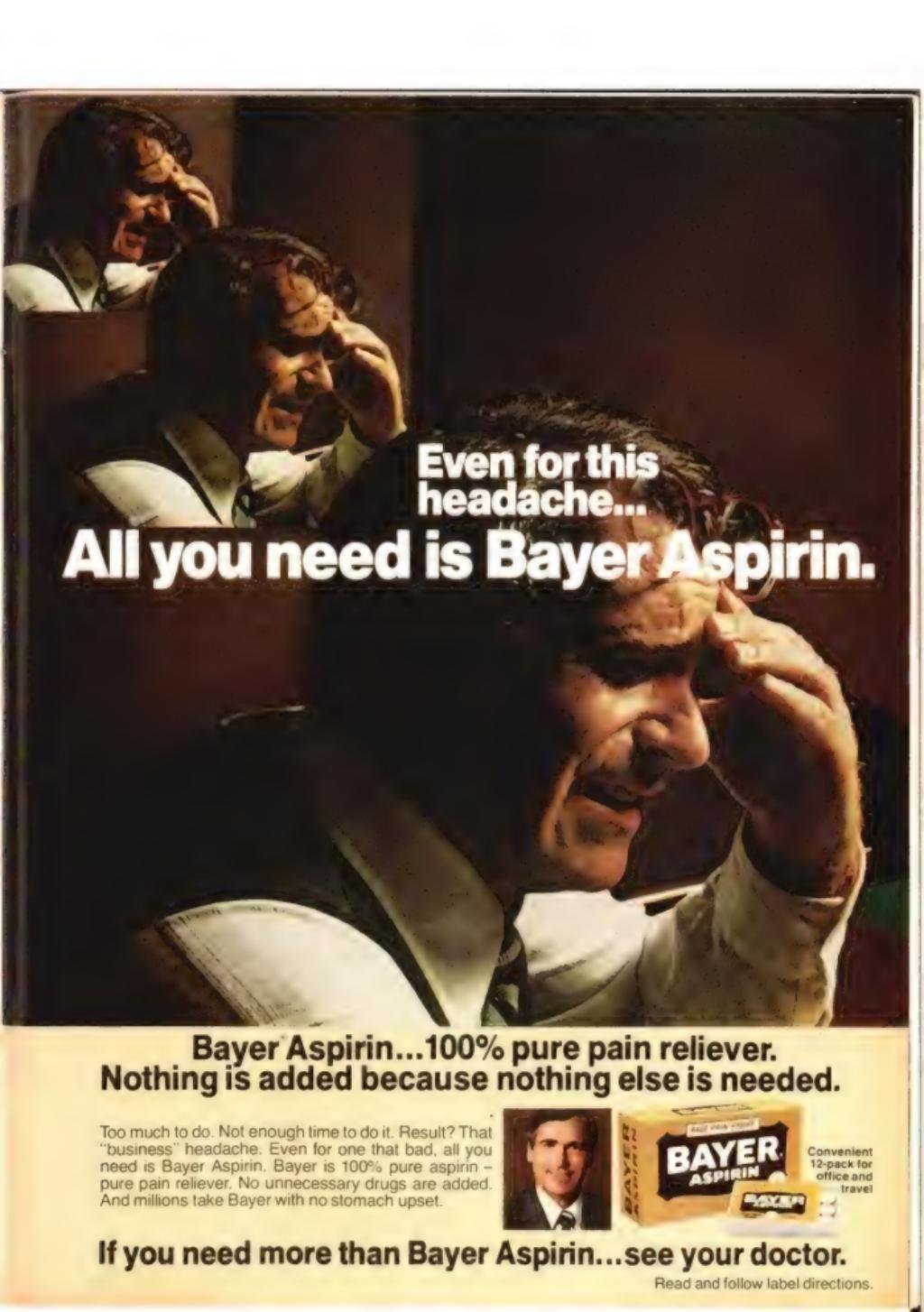
DIED. Stan Kenton, 67, patriarch of progressive jazz; of a stroke; in Los Angeles. When Kenton crashed onto the West Coast jazz scene in 1941, his fortissimo "walls of brass" sound struck some critics as "sheer noise," but his popularity endured long after the demise of swing. He helped introduce Afro-Cuban rhythms to U.S. pop, invented the mellophonium, a trumpet-French horn hybrid, and wed

classical music with jazz both in his own dissonant compositions (*Artistry in Rhythm*) and in unorthodox interpretations of Wagner and Ravel.

DIED. Sally Rand, 75, tart-talking blond fan dancer whose trademark routine—a nude vamp performing behind peekaboo ostrich plumes to the strains of Debussy—wowed 'em for 45 years; of a heart attack; in Glendale, Calif. She started flaunting her feathers and teasing her audiences ("the Rand is quicker than the eye") in the early 1930s, kept her 36-24-37 figure into her 70s by dancing every day, and claimed that over the years she had changed her act "not a whit, not a step, not a feather."

DIED. Louis, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, 79, British war hero, statesman and cousin to Elizabeth II; of injuries suffered when his fishing boat was blown up by Irish Republican Army terrorists; off Mullaghmore, Ireland (see WORLD).

DIED. Samuel L. Newhouse, 84, newspaper publisher who built the U.S.'s third largest chain (daily circ. 3.2 million); of a stroke; in Manhattan. A shy 5 ft. 2 in. dynamo who said that not being noticed "is the advantage of being a shrimp," Newhouse got big in newspapers quietly. Beginning in 1922, he acquired a succession of rundown papers and turned them into a string of profit makers that stretched from Alabama to Oregon. In the 1950s he started buying already lucrative properties, among them Condé Nast, publisher of *Vogue*. His family-owned dominion (he had all the voting stock) now encompasses 29 newspapers (biggest: the Newark *Star-Ledger* and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*), seven magazines, five radio stations and a score of cable TV systems. Running his empire out of a battered briefcase, Newhouse cared little about his papers' content and read only their bottom lines. Said he: "Only a sound business operation can be a truly independent editorial enterprise."



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All you need is Bayer Aspirin.

**Bayer Aspirin...100% pure pain reliever.
Nothing is added because nothing else is needed.**

Too much to do. Not enough time to do it. Result? That "business" headache. Even for one that bad, all you need is Bayer Aspirin. Bayer is 100% pure aspirin - pure pain reliever. No unnecessary drugs are added. And millions take Bayer with no stomach upset.



Convenient
12-pack for
office and
travel

If you need more than Bayer Aspirin...see your doctor.

Read and follow label directions.

**"IF FEET WERE
THEY'D LOOK LIKE MY**



MEANT FOR PAVEMENT, SHOES." *Joe Famolare*

"Feet were designed millions of years before we decided to pave half the world. That's their problem.

They're too soft. Too bony. Too meagerly cushioned. Yet people still wear shoes with nothing but a flat strip of leather between the hard concrete and their tender, prehistoric feet.

I designed my shoes to bring feet up to date.

My original 4-wave Get There® sole isn't just patented for how it looks, but for how it works.

The first wave, on the back, absorbs impact to your heel.

That strange sensation you'll feel from the second wave is called your arch. Fully supported, for once.

The third wave is right under the ball of your foot. It's called the ball of your foot for an excellent reason. Your foot's rounded there, to roll you forward. Shoes should be too.

The fourth wave rolls down, flexes, and pushes you off. Just like toes used to do, when the world was softer.

When you're walking on pavement, my shoes are definitely a big improvement on feet.

Of course, it's possible that all feet may eventually evolve into something that works as well as my shoes.

But why wait 20 million years?"

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MAKING LIFE A LITTLE EASIER.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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**"Taste Real's new golden taste!
Richer...mellower than before"**

Real's new golden leaf tobacco blend does it.
Tastes richer...mellower...more satisfying.
A taste that's pure gold.

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Behavior

Secret Voices

Messages that manipulate

A shopper in a department store picks up a scarf, glances furtively about, crumples it up and shoves it into her pocket. Then come second thoughts. She fishes out the scarf, smooths it again and returns it to the counter. Another victory for honesty? Not quite. Credit for the would-be shoplifter's change of heart really belongs to what the store's managers call their "little black box," a kind of electronic conscience.

Basically a sound mixer like those used by disco deejays, the box mingles bland music with subliminal anti-theft messages ("I am honest. I will not steal"). Repeated rapidly—9,000 times an hour—and at very low volume, the words are barely audible to shoppers and employees. But they do register in some deep recess of the brain and apparently influence behavior.

About 50 department stores in the U.S. and Canada have installed the device to reduce shoplifting and employee theft. One undisclosed East Coast chain is said to have cut the number of thefts by 37%, for a saving of \$600,000, during a nine-month trial. The device also seems to be catching on with other businesses. In Toronto, a real estate office uses a black box to inspire sales personnel ("I love real estate. I will prospect for new listings for clients each and every day"). Says black box inventor Hal C. Becker: "I see no reason why there won't be audio-conditioning the same way we now have air conditioning."

Becker, founder and head of his own little company in Metairie, La., Behavioral Engineering Center, may be a little premature in his Orwellian zeal. But the idea of subliminal communication has long intrigued behavioral scientists. In the mid-1950s a marketing researcher named James Vicary broke ground of sorts by inserting rapidly flashing words between the frames of a film to stimulate refreshment sales ("Hungry? Eat popcorn") in a Fort Lee, N.J., moviehouse. Pictures of a skull and the word blood were also added to two horror movies. But this practice soon fell out of favor after it was exposed in Vance Packard's alarming bestseller, *The Hidden Persuaders*.

Now the persuaders seem to be making a comeback. A television commercial for children's toys included the subliminal message "Get it!" until the Federal Communications Commission issued a warning against further TV or radio submissions. In the movie *The Exorcist* the image of a death mask was flashed before audiences to give them an extra scare. The tactic may have worked. Warner Bros. is being sued by an Indiana teen-



Inventor Becker with a black box

A kind of electronic conscience.

ager who fainted during the movie, breaking his jawbone and several teeth. His lawyer contends that the fleeting death mask is "one of the major issues" in the case.

Becker and his former partner, Louis Romberg, who has established his own operation in Toronto, think that black boxes are especially useful in sports. Romberg says that he is providing subliminal pep talks to hockey's Montreal Canadiens, and Becker is working with an unidentified National Football League team. The box is also being used by psychologists to help people lose weight, stop smoking and overcome phobias like the fear of flying. If subliminals were put on TV, explains Becker, they could be directed specifically at such killers as obesity, drugs and bad driving. Says he: "We could eliminate weight problems in one generation, reduce auto insurance by 50%."

Becker is not worried about abuses. He says that he has already turned down politicians and advertisers who wanted to hire him, and explains that his black boxes include a "fail-safe" mechanism that prevents clients from playing anything but the message he has programmed into them. Still, many Americans would undoubtedly be outraged by any secret attempts to influence their behavior for better or worse. As Aryeh Neier, former executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, puts it: "People have a right to go about their business without being subjected to manipulation they don't even know about." ■

Battling Shrinks

Mind-bending fray in Florida

Psychotherapy is such an uncertain art, critics say, that anyone with a heartbeat can claim competence in the field. In Florida, the critics are right: a reporter who flunked psychology in college became a licensed psychologist in Miami, a hamster was officially dubbed "animal psychologist" in Pensacola, and a pet chameleon was licensed as a psychoanalyst and sex therapist in Polk County.

Reason: in its rush to adjourn, the state legislature failed to pass a law extending the life of the board that licenses and regulates psychologists. Since July 1 Florida's counties have issued local licenses to all comers. Dade County alone certified more than 200 psychologists in July, then had doubts and revoked the permits. One applicant was a woman who simply wanted to hang a license in her bathroom. Said Malcolm Kahn, president of the Dade County Psychological Association: "It has created a chaotic situation. People don't know who to turn to for psychological help."

The legislature's failure to act was no accidental lapse but the byproduct of a political deadlock. At issue is the money likely to flow from any national health insurance program. Psychiatrists, who are M.D.s, are not eager to share federal dollars with nonmedical psychologists. Psychologists, in turn, are usually Ph.D.s and generally unenthusiastic about the flow of Government funds to other workers lower on the mental health totem pole: group therapy leaders, marriage counselors and psychiatric social workers.

Much of the energy in the mental health field is now going into jockeying for Government and private reimbursement. In April the American Psychiatric Association hailed as "a terrific triumph" a federal court decision involving clinical psychologists in Virginia. It upheld the Blue Shield's policy that benefits cannot be paid to psychologists directly but only through medical doctors.

In Florida, the issue was psychologists vs. other mental health workers. The house passed a bill that covered the licensing of psychologists and included the certifying of other professionals. But the senate refused to be rushed into passing it. Said State Representative George Sheldon: "The bottom line was not protection of the public but a closed shop."

Congress will have the same headache in framing a health insurance program: in psychotherapy, the link between credentials and performance is notoriously hard to demonstrate. Some studies show that psychiatrists, psychologists and psychiatric social workers do roughly the same work and get similar results. ■

Economy & Business

Savers Shop for More

In the search for higher interest, they put the squeeze on banks

Anyone opening a new savings account has long had his pick of desk lamps, hair dryers or blenders, but the East New York Savings Bank is showing up the purveyors of discount detritus for the pikers they are. Full-page newspaper ads offered depositors something more than "a tacky little toaster" in return for \$160,000 left on deposit for eight years—an \$84,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow II. When the Desert Empire Bank of Cathedral City, Calif., tried the same gimmick in 1977 in return for a \$1 million six-year deposit, it failed to find even one taker, but East New York claims to have had 30 "serious" inquiries so far.

The cloud in that silver shadow is that the saver must forgo all interest. Moreover, the Rolls would be considered income and would be taxed as such in the year it was received. If the depositor took his interest instead, it would be taxed as he received it over an eight-year period.

Hard up for cash, banks are willing to try just about anything to attract deposits. Some, like New York's Manhattan Savings Bank, are *gemäßigt* meeting places where savers gather in the lobby to hear pianists play golden oldies. Others, like California's Crocker National Bank, have sought to humanize their temple-of-commerce image by handing out Teddy bears. Robert Klein, a marketing

consultant to 15 banks in the West, reports that his savings-starved clients have given away 23,000 color television sets in the past three years and 650 mopeds in the past 90 days.

Savings inflows at the nation's 5,000 federally regulated savings and loan associations dropped to \$1.5 billion in July,

down from \$2.8 billion a year ago. The state-chartered mutual savings banks have lost more than \$2 billion in deposits since January, \$725 million just in July. These institutions still have a pot of money—the state mutual savings banks alone command \$145 billion in deposits—but they are being squeezed. As a result, mort-



A free Rolls-Royce for a \$160,000 deposit, but there is a cloud in that Silver Shadow

WHAT THEY PUT AWAY

Savings as a percent of after-tax income	Interest: maximum rate on passbook savings*	Taxes: maximum rate on savings interest	Inflation: Increase in CPI at annual rates (Jan.-July)
5.4%	5.25%	70%	13.1%
12.7	4.5**	56	6.8
14.4	12**	75	20.5
18.2	6.5	40	12.1
20.4	2	35	4.6

*Commercial banks

**Not legally determined; rates may fluctuate



Pulling them in with soft music, Manhattan Savings Bank employs Pop Pianist Larry Woodard. Despite offers of more than "a tacky little toaster," customers are shifting to better yields.

gage money is getting tighter, just as all borrowing rates are rising. The prime rate went up last week to a record 12%.

With inflation running at 13.1% for the first seven months of this year, the saver has discovered that he is throwing his money away if he puts it in a passbook account paying the federal maximum of 5½% to 5¾%. The real interest rate is usually less than that because it is clobbered by federal, state and city income taxes. Since interest is considered "unearned" income, the federal tax alone can go as high as 70% for wealthy people.

The small saver need not keep his money in a passbook account, but he has fewer choices than large investors. If he is willing to tie up his money for a long time, he can buy four-year bank certificates linked to the Treasury note rate, now paying over 8%. But depositors with \$10,000 can earn 10% from six-month money market certificates, and people with \$100,000 can pick up 11% from three-month bank certificates of deposit.

In return for the meager rates that he collects, the passbook depositor is supposed to have instant access to his money, but banks try to discourage big withdrawals. If a depositor wants to withdraw \$10,000 or more, he is often questioned by an officer of the bank about what he plans to do with the money, and then strongly urged to accept not cash but a check that can take five days to clear. Bankers say that these precautions are necessary to protect depositors from being fleeced by con men. Also, bankers increasingly demand that people seeking mortgages must be depositors. New York's First Federal Savings & Loan, for example, will not grant a mortgage to anyone who has not been a depositor for five years.

Savers are transferring their funds out of banks and into the short-term money

WHAT \$1,000 IS WORTH

After one year in a savings account at 5.25%, reduced by inflation and U.S. income taxes



market mutual funds, which offer a better deal than all but the biggest savers can get from banks. When they started in 1972, money market funds attracted a few savvy individuals. Now many more are taking advantage of the funds' low minimum investment (\$1,000 to \$5,000) and check-writing privileges.

The funds pool their customers' money and invest it in large denomination, high-yielding bank certificates of deposit, corporate commercial paper and Government securities. The return on the funds fluctuates with short-term market rates, and there is no ceiling on what they can pay out. They now yield about 9.7% after fees. No wonder that since last year's end, the funds' assets have ballooned from \$10.7 billion to \$32.7 billion. But money market funds are not insured by the FDIC and cannot be considered quite as safe as savings accounts, although losses are rare.

Americans have the lowest savings rate in the industrialized world, putting away only 5.4% of their disposable incomes, down from an average 7.6% early in the decade. Europeans and Japanese save more, partly because they stand to get a better real return as a result of higher interest, lower taxes or less inflation. The U.S.'s meager savings rate is impeding capital formation and investment, which is needed to create new jobs and raise sagging productivity. Says Harvard Economist Martin Feldstein: "By saving so little, the U.S. is passing up the chance for a better standard of living."

Aflock of proposals are being put forth to pump up savings. Commercial bankers favor President Carter's idea of phasing out interest-rate ceilings over ten years. More and more Congressmen strongly support changes in tax policy to stimulate savings. Well over 50 bills have been filed in both houses, and most focus on exempting interest income of varying amounts up to \$4,000.

All 41 Senate Republicans are supporting a bill by John Danforth of Missouri to exempt the first \$100 of interest income (\$200 for a couple filing a joint return) and \$400 more of interest or dividends if the money is reinvested in savings or stocks. Louisiana Congressman Henson Moore has 40 co-sponsors for a similar measure, which has already passed the Ways and Means Committee and could come to a vote in the House as early as this month. Other proposals would allow people to collect up to \$15,000 in tax-free interest over their lifetimes, provided the money comes from savings that they later use only to buy housing. There is considerable support for "roll-over" bills to defer taxes on interest income, dividends and capital gains so long as they are reinvested.

It is too early to predict the fate of these bills. They could be delayed if Congress moves instead to pass an anti-inflation tax cut. But the pendulum seems to be swinging toward helping out savers, the one group that has almost no place to hide from taxes and inflation. ■

\$1 a Year?

Chrysler: pay down, orders up

Buyed by price rebates that appear to be boosting car sales, Chrysler Corp. chiefs are expected this week to give Treasury Secretary G. William Miller their promised plan of sacrifice and salesmanship for the company's survival. As a gesture to a Government from which they are requesting aid and a union from which they want concessions, Chrysler's two top executives announced last week that they are becoming \$1-a-year men.

Chairman John Riccardo and President Lee Iacocca temporarily waived their annual salaries of \$360,000 in exchange for cash or credits tied to the value of Chrysler stock. If two years from now the stock price is unchanged from the Au-



Former Catcher Garagiola pitches rebates

The idea seems to be a hit with buyers.

gust closing average of around \$8, each executive will get back all his deferred pay: if the stock doubles, each will receive double, and if it halves, each will get only half. Meanwhile, the company also announced salary reductions of up to 10% for about 1,700 executives.

Chrysler is expected to lose perhaps \$700 million this year after a deficit of \$204.6 million last year. United Auto Workers leaders, who earlier rejected Iacocca's plea for a two-year wage freeze, now concede that they will have to make considerable concessions to Chrysler.*

Fortunately, the company's rebate program seems to be off to a strong start. It is hard to turn on a television set or

*The UAW last week picked General Motors as its target for a strike if an industry contract is not reached by the Sept. 14 deadline. Unlike the four confrontations, all of which ended in strikes, the prebargaining negotiations remained uncharacteristically restrained and calm, and prospects for a no-strike settlement seem reasonable.

Economy & Business

radio without hearing Joe Garagiola, the baseball catcher turned pitchman, importuning customers to come in and collect \$400 price rebates on all Chrysler models except for the most popular small cars like the Omni and Horizon. The company's advertising agency, Kenyon & Eckhardt, and some 25 other suppliers and service agents are giving additional rebates of \$100 to \$500 to any of their employees who buy Chryslers. In addition, Chrysler since May has been granting its dealers special discounts that now range from \$325 to \$1,500 per auto. These cuts have pared Chrysler's factory stockpiles from 80,000 cars two months ago to some 30,000 at last week's end. A Chrysler survey of 181 of its 4,700 dealers showed that the average selling rate in the second two weeks of August was 70% above the first half of the month and more than double the July pace.

The hard selling could soften future markets. The company will launch its 1980 models on Oct. 12, and there is always the danger that the drummed-up demand now could take away from sales of the new cars. Also, the discounts being offered to buyers and dealers are so large that profit margins on each sale are small.

Business leaders in other fields cheer Chrysler's off-the-mat selling drive, but many oppose federal aid. True, a number agree with Zenith Chairman John Nevin, who argues, "I don't think you can casually stand aside and watch a company the size of Chrysler go down. You have to calculate the cost of Chrysler going under and ask if it is worth something to prevent that." But many more echo Clarence Barksdale, chairman of the First National Bank in St. Louis: "If you have any belief in the free-enterprise system, you have to let weak companies like Chrysler sink."

David Jones, chairman of Humana Inc., complains that Chrysler's previous management made bad decisions, "and now they expect somebody else to pick up the bill." Pertec Computer Chairman Ryal Poppa warns, "Soon the Government will be asking us why we complain when they want to regulate our businesses if we're so willing to accept their help when we are in trouble." Economist Alan Greenspan finds a Government bailout wrong on principle, wrong because it would be granted not to any troubled company but only to a large one, and wrong because it would not protect jobs. Says he: "All it would do would be to freeze people into jobs without a future."

Yet when Congress debates the case for federal aid, legislators are likely to listen less to business skeptics than to the auto union, Chrysler suppliers and politicians from states in which the company has operations. Many have been lobbying hard for Chrysler. Whatever the economic merits or demerits of aid, the decision probably will be made on grounds of saving jobs and winning votes in 1980. ■

Topless Jeans Make the Scene

Fast sales from a big tease and a tight squeeze

Obviously topless but discreetly shaded in the mist, a modern Lady Godiva clad only in blue jeans rides a stallion beside the roiling sea. A bare-chested man jumps on the horse with her and together they ride off, silhouetted in the sunset. Though all three TV networks rejected this sexy commercial for Jordache jeans, it made a debut on three independent New York City stations last week. Similar print ads featuring tame if teasing topless couples wearing only Jordache jeans have blossomed in women's magazines and the Sunday *New York Times*. The *Times* at first refused the ad, but Jordache President Joseph Nakash ultimately persuaded the paper's guardians of taste that

li brothers, Joseph, Ralph and Avi Nakash, who have taken a faddish product and promoted it overnight into a multi-million-dollar business.

Joseph Nakash, 36, came to the U.S. in 1962 with \$25 in his pocket, slept in a bus station, got a job as a \$40-a-week stock boy, and brought his brothers over in 1966. They opened a jeans store in Brooklyn. The brothers worked hard, branched out, saved up \$300,000 and determined to get richer by manufacturing the better blue jean. Ralph, 35, styled a tight-fitting jean with pocket stitching that was to be made under contract in Hong Kong, and Avi, 33, set up a distribution system. Early last year Joseph offered high pay to



Racy ads for fancy pants help a young company to get a leg up in the war of the labels

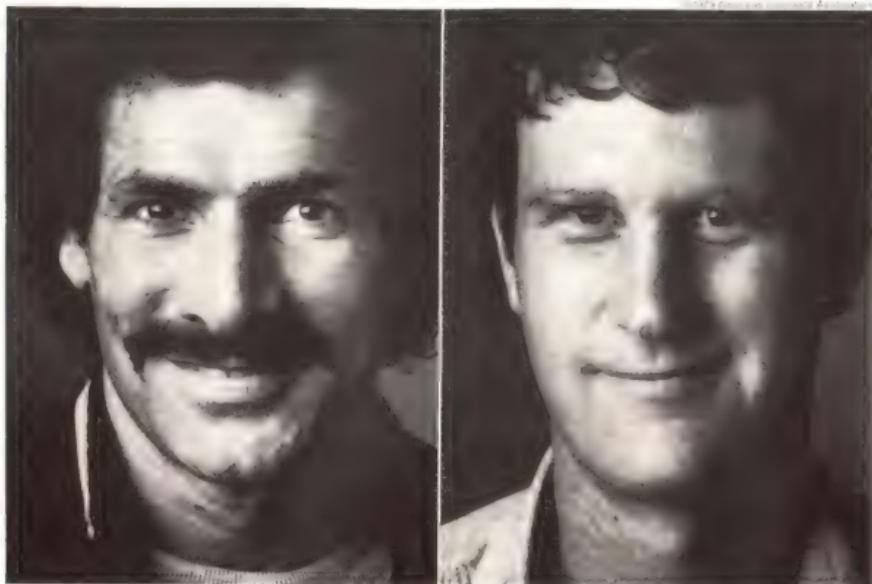
Take three immigrants. Start with nothing. Push a faddish item. Produce millions.

the ads merely emphasize his fancy pants. "Yes, it is sexy," he admits of the TV commercial. Then he adds with a straight face, "I think people like to be attracted. People love horses!"

Splashy, seductive ads have enabled Jordache to make a quick hit in the lucrative market for pricey (about \$35 a pair), high-styled jeans that carry the labels of famous designers. Total jeans sales are running 10% ahead of last year, with designer jeans up more than 30%. Compared with the old, proletarian Levis, which retail for around \$20, the designer models are more form-fitting and have fancier stitching and other touches. Until last spring, the market was dominated by Gloria Vanderbilt, Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren and other names synonymous with class and cash. But Jordache? The name (pronounced Jor-dash) is a loose acronym for three immigrant Israe-

hire the best salesmen that he could find, and they went out to flag the line. Once they got \$1 million in orders, bankers gave him big loans. Daringly, he plowed most of the money into advertising—\$3 million since January—and wrote much of the copy himself.

Joseph Nakash placed expensive local commercials (\$6,000 for 30 seconds) on *60 Minutes* and other news programs that he figured retailers and consumers would be watching. Explains Nakash: "Psychologically I looked like there was a big company behind Jordache. The strategy worked. I started getting calls from buyers." Now Jordache is shipping about 200,000 pairs of jeans a month, or \$3.5 million worth at wholesale. Aimed primarily at the disco set, Jordache jeans are selling in 3,000 stores in many parts of the country. Like the stallion, Jordache is running away with business. ■



One of these men has a good job, coaches his son's football team and drives without insurance.

He really doesn't want to. But his budget's tight. Inflation is driving the cost of everything up. So he's trying to get by without insurance. That's taking a big risk. For himself and everyone else on the road with him.

That bothers us. We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we don't like high costs any more than you do. Unfortunately, the cost of accident repairs and injury claims has risen more than the rate of general inflation.

Let's take a closer look at these costs covered by your insurance, as measured by the Consumer Price Index. For every \$100 spent for the same expenses in 1967, here are the amounts spent as of June, 1979: \$242 in auto repairs, \$366 in hospital services, \$237 in medical care items and \$241 in physicians' fees. Those are increases ranging from over 130% to over 260%. In the same time period, auto insurance premiums have risen 127%.*

We want to keep the cost of insurance down. After all, helping you afford insurance helps us too. There isn't much we as a single industry can do to stop inflation. But we're doing our best. There are several things you

*Source: The Bureau of Labor Statistics U.S. Department of Labor.

can do to help. Most importantly, don't be like the man on the right. Don't drive without car insurance. Even in times of inflation, the security of car insurance isn't a luxury, it's a necessity.

Here's what we're doing to keep costs down:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and highways safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.
- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute.
- Supporting a pricing system that allows more pricing competition among insurance companies.
- Improving our data collection so your rates will be based on more recent claims experience.

Here's what you can do:

- Re-evaluate your present policies and check for overlapping coverage.
- Talk to your agent about the right coverage for you.
- Raise your deductible to an amount you can absorb. It'll lower your premiums.
- Know what your insurance coverage can do for you.

This message is presented by The American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.



Billionaire Ludwig's Brazilian Gamble

The richest man in America risks his fortune in the Amazon, opening an untamed area

The scene is jarringly surrealistic. For thousands of square miles, there is nothing but the endless green of the Amazon rain forest, forbidding, primeval, untamed. Then, on a remote bend of the Jari River, a fast-flowing tributary, the vista changes dramatically. There, as tall as a 16-story building, stands a monument to modern engineering: a brand-new, spanking-white pulp plant, which reaches out with ducts, cables and conveyor belts to a wood-chipping mill, a chemical factory and a power generating facility.

The towering plant was built in Japan and towed in two sections last year to Brazil's interior, where it began start-up operations six months ago. The centerpiece of an industrial and agricultural complex of audacious scope and cost, the plant stands on a company-owned property of about 5,800 sq. mi., which is larger than Connecticut. The pulp factory and its ancillaries cost \$400 million to construct. A companion plant is expected to be towed up the river and put in operation by the mid-1980s. To feed the plants with young trees, a vast reforestation is under way that will clear the land of old growth and establish huge new timber farms. The principal planting is the *Gmelina arborea* (pronounced ma-lina at-bor-ea), a hardwood native to Burma and India that grows to 15 in. in diameter in five years and 30 to twelve, or roughly twice as fast as the southern pine, a major source of American pulp.

Trees constitute only one of the crops. Brazilian and U.S. experts, using the "miracle rice" imported from the Philippines, are developing the world's largest

fields, which already cover some 7,900 acres. A big poultry farm is being set up, and experiments are under way to breed a more robust strain of water buffalo.

All this has been conceived, directed, and largely financed by one man: Daniel Keith Ludwig, 82, the secretive shipowner and industrialist whose estimated net worth of \$3 billion or more makes him the richest American. Tough-minded and intensely shy, Ludwig is sole owner of his enterprises and thus must answer to no one. Operating from offices in Manhattan's Burlington House, he runs a maze of companies (he has 19 in Brazil alone). His flagship firm, National Bulk Carriers, operates one of the world's largest private

feet of huge supertankers and cargo ships. He is also proprietor of an array of global enterprises, which include the Princess hotel chain in Mexico, the Bahamas and Bermuda, oil refineries and a number of savings and loan associations in the U.S.

Ludwig's fortune is based on foresight; after World War II, he built the first supertanker in Japan and devised the means to finance ships through long-term charters. Recalls a former aide: "Often he just sits in his office and thinks three or five years down the road." In the 1950s Ludwig began pondering the world's increasing use, and dwindling supply, of pulp and timber. After surveying sites in Venezuela

Labors tending seedlings in nursery before they are planted in forest





Pulp factory in operation (left); suburban-type bungalows for the professional staff

Responding to the lure of the frontier, capitalism in its most epic sense.

chief George Russell, who visited the project. "Ludwig's efforts in the Amazon are capitalism in its most epic sense. But he has wisely insisted on 'Brazilianizing' Jari: only 40 of the 8,500-member labor force are non-Brazilian. He has drawn university graduates from the country's south, illiterate laborers from Brazil's economically stricken northeast, and equally unfortunate natives from the Amazon's primitive villages. Ludwig's managers at Jari claim with pride that they have created a true meritocracy with instant opportunities for advancement for anyone who shows talent and the desire."

Since Brazilian law prohibits a corporation from profiting from the many services necessary in running a community, the Jari enterprise must give away or sell at no profit a large range of services and amenities. It operates a supermarket where goods are sold at just above cost, provides free meals to employees in company cafeterias and runs an air shuttle service that charges no fares.

Even for a man of Ludwig's wealth, the Jari project

can be a drain. His executives believe that funding for the project is catch as catch can. When Ludwig has surplus funds from his many ventures, he pours them into Jari. When his cash flow is tight—a situation that even a billionaire occasionally encounters—everybody is told to start saving paper clips.

Ludwig has built barracks for ordinary laborers as well as fancier barracks for the technical and managerial staff. But he cut back substantially on plans for additional housing, especially for the lowest-paid workers.

Result: squalled slum towns, inhabited partly by whores and thieves, have sprung up near the sites, and many workers live in unsanitary and unsavory conditions. At first, Ludwig relied entirely on Brazilian contractors to supply laborers, and some of the bosses exploited their men and skimmed off their wages. Now Ludwig has set up safeguards to ensure that the workers receive their full pay, which averages about \$12 daily, or three times the national rural average.

The lack of satisfactory

and elsewhere he settled on Brazil, in part because he found an immense tract for the right price. He bought the land in 1967 for less than \$1 an acre.

But the Amazon is so wild that Ludwig was obliged to become a one-man development program. In the past twelve years, his Jari Forestry and Agricultural Enterprises has invested some \$780 million, of which \$520 million came directly from Ludwig's resources. He has carved from the rain forest four towns (the largest of which is Monte Dourado), as well as an 85-bed hospital, four schools, 4,500 miles of roads and trails, a 26-mile railroad, and three small airports. The project has attracted so many job seekers, peddlers and hangers-on that the population of the area has surged from almost nothing to 30,000.

Reports TIME's Buenos Aires bureau

Company train pulling carloads of logs to pulp mill; worker relaxing in flimsy makeshift shelter; Developer Daniel K. Ludwig (above)



Smokers Joining Merit Bandwagon.

Low tar MERIT attracts increasing number of former high tar smokers.



A few years ago most smokers agreed. Low tar meant low taste. Then along came MERIT, packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and taste-tested by thousands. The result: smoking changed.

No other new cigarette in the last 20 years has attracted so many smokers as quickly as MERIT!

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It's clear: MERIT taste is changing attitudes toward low tar smoking.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's; 11 mg "tar,"
0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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Economy & Business

living conditions in the rough territory has contributed to a debilitating rate of turnover, more than 50% a year. This adds enormously to the cost of training programs that Ludwig's managers must conduct in order to acquaint the largely backwoods work force with modern machines.

The turnover at the top in Jari has been higher than at lower levels. In the past dozen years, between 22 and 26 chief operating executives at the Jari project have been fired or shifted out (nobody seems to recall the exact number). Some moved on because they had fulfilled the phase of development that required their particular expertise. But many were shunted aside because they disagreed with Ludwig or failed to anticipate his wishes.

Despite his age and a painful back ailment from a shipboard accident in the 1920s, Ludwig is amazingly energetic and keeps close watch on Jari. He receives a constant flow of reports at his headquarters. More important, several times a year he flies to Belém on Brazil's northern coast, traveling economy class except when he can hitch a free ride on a friend's corporate jet. At Belém he waits for the Fairchild turboprop that makes the 90-min. flight daily between the port city and Jari. Disdaining VIP treatment, Ludwig crowds on board with newly recruited laborers, technicians returning from a few days of whooping it up in Belém and families coming back from shopping trips.

Once at Jari, Ludwig ignores the successful projects to concentrate on problem areas. Like a conceptual architect who carries the blueprints in his mind, he supervises new undertakings down to the most minute detail. Yet he is becoming less dictatorial. The present project chief, John Trescot Jr., 54, an ace cost cutter who has been on the job for six months, claims that he can actually argue with him over decisions. Ludwig is beginning to accept a substantial dilution of his authority. He has created an eight-man committee that exercises an overall policymaking role. Also, Ludwig has



willed Jari to a Swiss-based cancer institute that he has set up, and ultimately it will use profits from the project to promote medical research.

There is method in Ludwig's mellow ness. The Jari project is approaching the crucial second stage of development. The present pulp mill is planned eventually to turn out 750 metric tons daily, making it moderately large by world standards. If the project is to be fully successful, Ludwig needs to install another plant, which might process pulp into newsprint. Luckily, large deposits of kaolin, a white mineral used in papermaking, have been found on the Jari property.

Until now, in order to run the operation as a one-man show, Ludwig has even refused Brazilian tax credits that could have saved him roughly 50% of his own investment. However, since the next stage will cost \$650 million to \$750 million and perhaps much more, he is seeking to line up credit from American and European financial institutions.

He faces noisy opposition in Brazil. The government requires him to sell all of his rice and most of his paper pulp within the country so that Brazil can save

scarce foreign currency. But unless Ludwig can export to hard-currency countries, he will have a difficult time raising money.

Ludwig, who was born in South Haven, Mich., is frequently portrayed in the Brazilian press as an avaricious gringo out to despoil the Amazon. Lurid newspaper stories tell of Brazilian workers being held slaves by squads of former Green Berets, and Brazilian environmentalists accuse Ludwig of raping the native forests. Both the Brazilian senate and chamber of deputies have started investigations into the Jari project. One leading nationalistic critic charges that Ludwig's project is only the first step in a takeover of Brazil's Amazon by big multinational firms.

None of these wild charges have been shown to have any foundation. On the environmental front, Ludwig has been extremely careful. Though planting of imported trees has altered the surprisingly fragile ecological balance in the Amazon basin, Ludwig's foresters claim the new growths are actually revitalizing the rain forest's mineral-deficient soil. Rather than ruining the Amazon, the project holds the promise of opening a vast region that can serve the whole country, which needs the jungle's wealth, and the world, which needs the pulp, paper and food it can produce. Yet the hostility can handicap, or possibly abort, Ludwig's grand plan.

That would be tragic, for Brazil as well as for Ludwig. Brazilians have responded ineffectually to the lure of the Amazonian frontier. They have ignored the ill-nourished natives and have failed to rally the dedication that made possible the U.S.'s winning of its own West. Ludwig's predictions two decades ago of pulp and timber shortages are reflected today in tight markets and high world prices. He or his successors probably could turn the Jari project into a profit maker, though it may take decades to recover his investment. That, according to his few close associates, is not one of his major concerns. What he wants is one final, enduring achievement — showing that productive riches can be created in one of the world's last and most remote undeveloped areas.

Hook lift collecting logs in the jungle for pulp plant



Sunday soccer match in one of the newly built company towns



Books

scribe the perversity of Diaghilev's entourage—a kind of homosexual Swiss Guard." He reminded one musician of a "decadent Roman emperor—possibly Genghis Khan or even a barbarous Scythian—and lastly, what he really was: a Russian *grand seigneur*."

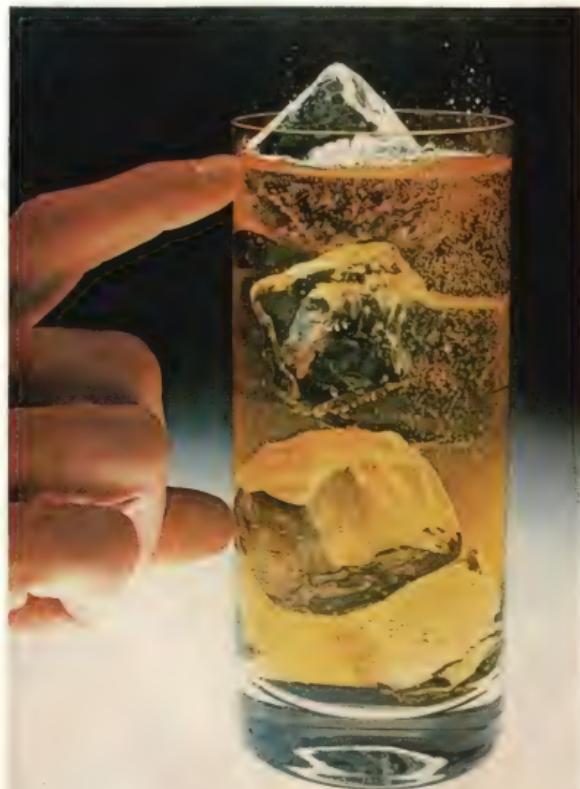
In praise of himself, Diaghilev boomed: "Society will have to recognize that my experiments, which appear dangerous today, become indispensable tomorrow." He was right. He discovered Stravinsky at a concert in St. Petersburg and Picasso in a shabby studio in Montmartre. In *Parade*, first performed in 1917, he juxtaposed cubist costumes with the sharp-edged music of Satie and a Cocteau libretto.

Diaghilev was more than a gilded talent scout. Wherever he found genius, he made it fashionable. Parisians flocked to see *Parade*, which coincided with the flowering of cubism. *Romeo and Juliet*, designed by Miró and Max Ernst, popularized surrealism. *Apollon Musagète*, the first successful collaboration of Stravinsky and Balanchine, marked the beginning of neoclassicism in music and dance. Diaghilev's own life was measured out in hotel bills and telegrams. He ranged ceaselessly from Europe to America in search of backers and triumphs. World War I and the Russian Revolution slowed his progress but never stopped it.

His death in Venice was straight out of Thomas Mann: the old homosexual fading with the epoch he had introduced. Buckle, formerly the dance critic of the *Sunday Times* of London, might have

Excerpt

Much has been written about the perfect collaboration between choreographer, composer and designer under Diaghilev's supervision. The stages by which one of the most famous costumes of any Diaghilev ballet, that for Nemchinova in the adagietto in *Les Biches*, reached its final form, are therefore of interest. We have seen how Laurencin's nebulous watercolors had been evolved by Sudeikina and Kochino... Nemchinova appeared before Diaghilev's eyes in a long blue velvet frock-coat, like that of a head porter in a hotel. 'Give me the scissors, Grigoriev!' Diaghilev exclaimed. He cut away the collar, to make a wide V-neck. He cut away the velvet, till it barely covered the buttocks. Nemchinova had never shown so much leg before (what ballerinas had!) and she protested: 'I feel naked!' Then go and buy yourself some white gloves' said Diaghilev. The celebrated white gloves became almost a part of the choreography.



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Books

speculated more about the period and the art and placed Diaghilev's achievement in perspective. But if analysis is missing, the man transcends his interpreter. For Diaghilev's life was his work and that has continued. His followers have founded many of the world's leading dance companies, including London's Royal Ballet and the New York City Ballet. It is a suitable legacy for the impresario who, with one daring *jeté* after another, brought the East to the West and the West into the 20th century.

—Annalyn Swan

Money Matters

JAIL BIRD

by Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte, 277 pages; \$9.95

Fame has a way of ruining a writer's reputation. Take the case of Kurt Vonnegut, who became a cult figure in the late 60s after enduring years of hard-earned obscurity. A growing army of high school and college readers began proclaiming him a deep thinker, at about the same time that critics started cuffing him for being a shallow artist. Both judgments were wrong. Vonnegut has never written a thought that could not occur to a sporadically meditative teen-ager, nor has he pretended to those who are impressed by the profundity of a shrug ("So goes") have probably found the guru they deserve. At the same time, Vonnegut is one of the few truly original and distinctive stylists to emerge in the past 20 years. The clarity and apparent simplicity of his prose are sure signs of the craft that went into making it.

His best books are parables written out of anger at some inexplicable kink in the collective psyche blind trust in science and scientists (*Car's Cradle*), faith in war as a rational activity (*Slaughterhouse-Five*). After a lengthy period of mellowed-out serenity (and two mediocre novels, *Breakfast of Champions* and *Slapstick*), Vonnegut is mad again. His target in *Jailbird* is money, specifically the odd systems that people have invented for distributing and withholding it.

Walter I. Starbuck, Vonnegut's hero and narrator, keeps getting his life sidetracked by great wealth. The son of immigrant servants, he was informally adopted by his parents' millionaire employer, raised as a gentleman and sent off to Harvard. In his early 60s, after an on-and-off career in Government service, he finds himself buried in an obscure job with the Nixon White House. So remote is his office that it becomes the perfect hiding place for a trunk containing a million dollars in unlaundered bills. Starbuck is sent off to a minimum-security prison in Georgia, the least heralded co-conspirator in all of Watergate. He muses later: "It was like being in a wonderful musical comedy where the critics mentioned everybody but me." No sooner is his two-

There should be more to life.



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loved ones die
or move away.
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Books



Kurt Vonnegut

Kinks in the collective psyche.

year hitch in stir over than Starbuck runs afoul of more millions. He stumbles into a decrepit old shopping-bag lady in New York who turns out to be his sweetheart from Harvard days. She is also majority stockholder of the RAMJAC Corporation, a conglomerate that owns 19% of the U.S.

To complicate the unbelievable, she and Starbuck had been Communists in their youth. His zeal has withered with age, but not hers. "After I die," she tells Starbuck, "you look in my left shoe ... You will find my will in there. I leave the RAMJAC Corporation to its rightful owners, the American people." Starbuck is dazzled by the purity of her motive but convinced that her act will make not one whit of difference to the way people live: "The economy is a thoughtless weather system—and nothing more. Some joke on the people, to give them such a thing."

This plot is loose and baggy enough to give Vonnegut plenty of leg room, and he strolls about at will. He offers a lengthy account, for instance, of the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti and of their subsequent executions in the 1920s. Not all of the digressions are somber: Starbuck meets Nixon and finds the President's smile "like a rosebud that had just been smashed by a hammer." The hero's meditations on money are childlike enough to produce odd insights. On his first morning of freedom, Starbuck leaves his seedy hotel to buy a newspaper. He then has an urge to call up the Secretary of the Treasury and tell him, "I just tried out two of your dimes on Times Square, and they worked like a dream. It looks like another great day for the coinage!" He hears a radio news broadcast and has another offbeat response: "The newscaster spoke with a barking sort of hilarity, as though life were a comical steeplechase, with unconventional steeds and hazards and vehicles involved. He made me feel that even I was a contestant—in a bathtub drawn by three aardvarks, perhaps."

Such touches are vintage Vonnegut. So, less happily, is the simple moral that

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by Laurie Colwin

*Publishers Weekly

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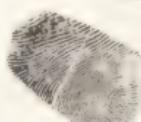
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runs through almost all of his work. As Starbuck puts it, "We are here for no purpose, unless we can invent one." Yet Vonnegut does not believe that people are capable of doing so, at least not in a way that will make them happy. This leads to the static quality of his books: nothing much ever changes except to get a little worse. Some of the evidence Vonnegut offers is rigged: Starbuck comes to believe that wisdom does not exist and hence cannot be used to improve the lot of mankind. "Who was the wisest man in the Bible, supposedly?" he asks and answers: "He was King Solomon, of course. Two women claiming the same baby appeared before Solomon, asking him to apply his legendary wisdom to their case. He suggested cutting the baby in two." End of argument. To which the only informed response must be, "Yes, but . . ."

It is possible to say both words, with equal emphasis, about much of Vonnegut's fiction. *Jailbird* is no exception. Still, it is his best book in years and may prompt a new generation of college kids to adopt the author and the novel. That act will, at the very least, teach them one important fact: reading can be fun. —Paul Gray

The Pink Spider

AFRICAN CALLIOPE: A JOURNEY

TO THE SUDAN

by Edward Hoagland

Random House; 239 pages; \$10

It would be a neglect of the obvious to write about America without mentioning Toqueville, or Africa without a nod to Conrad. Those authors are not only fixed points to steer by but fetishes that protect a writer from foundering in swamps of detail. Edward Hoagland does not get around to his ritual reference until page 91 of *African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan*: "Far from learning something new about the black-white torque that is such a misery in America, here I was freer of it. But the other reason why I had come to Africa, instead of to another southern continent, was that on the contrary, it was not a clean slate, not neutral ground. The myth of blackness, darkness, this 'land of sorrow,' might be a sounding board. 'Before the Congo I was just a mere animal,' Joseph Conrad said."

Before the trips in 1976 and '77 to the Sudan described here, Hoagland, 46, had left his spoor in the wilderness of British Columbia, the wooded mountains of Vermont, the scrub of Louisiana, and the streets of New York. He carried a supply of solitude in and a supply of observations out. In his essay (*Walking the Dead Diamond River*) and travel books (*Notes from the Century Before*), he displayed a gift for elegy that made the city as remote as the boondock, and a knack for seeing the familiar for the first time. In Africa, it is the unfamiliar that moves him. After flying, bouncing and sliding around

Books



Edward Hoagland

A rumppled fugitive from L.L. Bean

the continent's largest nation, Hoagland learns more than he needs to about Dinkas, Turkanas, mercenaries, missionaries, coups, assassinations, the green monkey disease, the protein value of dura sorghum, going without bath water ("I lay in my sleeping bag, cleaning my toes with my toes") and how a country runs on a trickle of gasoline: "So scarce that even when I was being chauffeured in a Ministry of Trade auto, the driver turned off the motor to go downhill."

Hoagland does not burden the reader with a false sense of wonder or an exaggerated sense of adventure. He conveys what he learns as something that a middle-aged man should already know: months of wandering in a hard place make one sick, lonely, itchy and tired. "I was weary," he writes, "of the whole African calliope—that nagging, pulsing musical din that has been reverberating strongly without letup for thousands of years before you arrive and will be continuing without any respite for sickness or fatigue long after you have left the earth."

He hears the din in Khartoum where the Blue and the White Niles meet and in a southern Sudan sapped to a "hopeless torpor" by epidemic. The specific character and hardship of a place are conveyed with arresting brevity. On the hard desert of the Muslim north: "It depressed me to see the starved, tethered donkeys outside suffering while the fat ones ate, and the thirsty chickens dashing for a chance to peck at our spit." In the river town of Gelhak he records the visual cacophony in Polaroid prose: "We saw a man with a monkey's nose, and a woman whose feet were reversed, her toes pointing backwards. More turbans and turbashes now, more Arabs, as well as the eggplant-black Dinkas, and purple Nuer with carved stripes that circled their foreheads under the hairline, and Shilluk with beadlike cicatrices stretching from ear to ear."

Hoagland's footsteps are hardly the first to fall on East Africa from the outside world, any more than were those of Sir Richard Burton, the demonic Victo-

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Books

rian explorer and scholar of the forbidden who infiltrated hostile cities dressed in native robes and speaking fluent Arabic. By contrast, Hoagland drifts in and out of stagnant backwaters, a rumpled, skinny fugitive from L.L. Bean whose spoken English is hampered by a bad stammer. He is as puzzling and exotic to his hosts as they are to him, one of a long line of white hunters and note takers whom the wags of Juba on the White Nile call pink spiders. Only this one writes a blue streak.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *A Bend in the River*, V.S. Naipaul • *Collected Stories*, Paul Bowles • *Living in the Maniota*, Jane Frame • *Mirabell: Books of Number*, James Merrill • *Sophie's Choice*, William Styron • *The Ghost Writer*, Philip Roth • *The Living End*, Stanley Elkin

NONFICTION: *Blood of Spain*, Ronald Fraser • *I Love*, The Story of Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik, *Ann and Samuel Charters* • *The Duke of Deception*, Geoffrey Wolff • *The Medusa and the Snail*, Lewis Thomas • *The Neoconservatives*, Peter Steinberg • *The White Album*, Joan Didion • *When Memory Comes*, Saul Friedländer

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Sophie's Choice*.
Styron (*I last week*)
2. *The Matarese Circle*. Ludlum (2)
3. *The Last Enchantment*.
Stewart (3)
4. *Class Reunion*. Jaffé (4)
5. *The Third World War*.
Hackett, et al. (9)
6. *Shibumi*. Tresanini (5)
7. *War and Remembrance*. Wouk (7)
8. *There's No Such Place as Far Away*. Bach (8)
9. *A Woman of Substance*. Bradford
10. *Tinsel*. Goldman

NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. Tarnower & Baker (1)
2. *Cruel Shoes*. Martin (2)
3. *The Praktikin Program for Diet and Exercise*. Praktikin
with McGrady (3)
4. *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*. Ruff (4)
5. *The Powers That Be*. Halberstam (6)
6. *The White Album*. Didion (9)
7. *Brock's Brain*. Sagan (5)
8. *The Medusa and the Snail*. Thomas (7)
9. *The Bronx Zoo*. Lyle & Golenbock (8)
10. *Energy Future*, edited by Stobaugh & Yergin



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Time Essay

The Fascination of Decadence

I like the word decadent. All shimmering with purple and gold. It throws out the brilliance of flames and the gleam of precious stones. It is made up of carnal spirit and unhappy flesh and of all the violent splendors of the Lower Empire; it conjures up the paint of courtesans, the sports of the circus, the breath of the tamers of animals, the bounding of wild beasts, the collapse among the flames of races exhausted by the power of feeling, to the invading sound of enemy trumpets.

—Paul Verlaine, circa 1886

It was partly the spectacle of Western decadence that aroused the Ayatollah Khomeini to orgies of Koranic proscription. Alcohol, music, dancing, mixed bathing all have been curtailed by the Iranian revolution. Americans find this zealotry sinister, but also quaint: How can almost childish pleasures (a tune on the radio, a day at the beach) deserve such puritanical hellfire? But Americans are also capable of a small chill of apprehension, a barely acknowledged thought about the prices that civilizations pay for their bad habits: If Iran has driven out its (presumably polluted) monarch and given itself over to a purification that demands even the interment of its beer bottles, then, by that logic, what punishment and what purification would be sufficient for America? The Ayatollah residing in some American consciences would surely have to plow under not just the beer bottles, but an uncomfortable large part of U.S. society itself.

The very idea of decadence, with all its fleshly titillations and metaphysical phosphorescence, excites that kind of Spenglerian anxiety. A lot of Americans seem inclined to think of themselves as a decadent people: such self-accusation may be the reverse side of the old American self-congratulation. Americans contemplate some of the more disgusting uses to which freedom of expression has been put: they confront a physical violence and spiritual heedlessness that makes them wonder if the entire society is on a steep and terminal incline downward. They see around them what they call decadence. But is the U.S. decadent? Does the rich, evil word, with its little horripilations of pleasure and its gonging of the last dance, really have any relevant meaning?

Decadence is a wonderfully versatile idea—like a perfume that gives off different scents depending on a woman's body chemistry and heat. It arouses pleasure, disgust and bombast. And sometimes elaborate denial. The critic Richard Gilman recently published *Decadence* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). His elegant treatise argues that the term is almost impossible to define, is constantly misinterpreted and misused, and quite possibly should be deleted from the language.

Gilmans makes a persuasive, if somewhat pedantic, point. He argues that Americans overuse the word decadent, without knowing what they mean by it. They use it to describe a \$50 bottle of Margaux, a three-hour soak in the tub, a 40-hour-a-week television habit, the crowds that tell the suicide to jump, a snort of cocaine. And yet Americans mean something by it. The notion of decadence is a vehicle that carries all kinds of strange and override cargo—but a confusing variety of meanings does not add up to meaninglessness. Decadence, like pornography (both have something of the same fragrance), may be hard to define, but most people think they know it when they see it.

They think it might cover, say, the Aspen, Colo., fan club that grew up two summers ago to celebrate Murderer Ted Bundy with, among other things, T shirts that read TED BUNDY IS A ONE-NIGHT STAND. Or the work of Photographer Helmut Newton, who likes to sell high-fashion clothes with lurid pictures of women posed as killers and victims, or trussed up in sadomasochistic paraphernalia; one of his shots shows a woman's head being forced into a toilet bowl. The school of S-M fashion photography may, of course, be merely a passing putrefaction.

People informally play a game in which they compile lists of the most decadent acts now in practice. For horrific sensationalism, they might start with the idea of the snuff film (pornography in which an actress performing sex is actually murdered on screen). In the same awful category, they might include Viennese Artist Rudolf Schwarzkogler, who decided to make a modernist artistic statement by amputating, inch by inch, his own penis, while a photographer recorded the process as a work of art.

The list would have to mention Keith Richards,

MOVIE STAR NEWS

of the Rolling Stones, who, by one account, in order to pass a blood test to enter the U.S. for concert tours, had a physician drain his own heroin-tainted blood from his body and replace it with transfusions from more sedate citizens. Some of the sadomasochistic and homosexual bars in New York and San Francisco, with their publicly practiced urolagnia, buggering and excruciating complications thereof, would strike quite a few Americans as decadent.

In a less specialized realm, disco and punk songs like *Bad Girls* and *I Wanna Be Sedated* have a decadent ring. In fact, the entire

phenomenon of disco has a certain loathsome glisten to it.

Extravagance has always been thought to have something to do with decadence. Some lists might mention Tiffany's \$2,950 gold-ingot wristwatch, or a pair of \$1,000 kidskin-and-gold shoes, or Harrods \$1,900 dog collar, or Zsa Zsa Gabor's \$150,000 Rolls-Royce with its leather, velvet and leopard interior. But be careful. Extravagance may actually be a sign of robustly vulgar good health. One can argue about such gestures as that of the 3rd century Roman Emperor Elagabalus, who once on a whim sent his slaves to collect 1,000 lbs. of cobwebs. They returned with 10,000 lbs. "From this," said Elagabalus, "one can understand how great is Rome." The Emperor would have enjoyed the Neiman Marcus catalogue, one of 20th century America's most fabulous menus of conspicuous consumption. The man who purchased His and Hers Learjets from the catalogue was helping to keep a lot of aircraft workers employed.

Decadence is a subjective word, a term of moral and psychological recoil. It expresses quite exactly those things that the speaker finds most awful, most repugnant, most dangerous and, as a Freudian might point out, most interesting. So a question arises: Are aberrant tastes decadent in themselves? Does the decadence consist in the fact that such tastes can now be openly practiced and even tolerated? Surely, tolerance is not decadence, unless it is a symptom of moral obliviousness.

Players in the game can pile up examples but still have difficulty arriving at any generality. Decadence, in one working def-



A Roman dinner in Fellini's *Satyricon*

Essay

initiation, is pathology with social implications: it differs from individual sickness as pneumonia differs from plague. A decadent act must, it seems, possess meaning that transcends itself and spreads like an infection to others, or at least suggests a general condition of the society. Decadence (from the Latin *decadere*, "to fall down or away," hence decay) surely has something to do with death, with a communal *saepeum vitae*: decadence is a collection of symptoms that might suggest a society exhausted and collapsing like a star as it degenerates toward the white dwarf stage. "*une race à sa dernière heure*," as a French critic said.

Perhaps it is part of the famous narcissism of the '70s, but Americans forget how violent and depraved other cultures have been. There is something hilarious, in a grisly way, about George Augustus Selwyn, the late 18th century London society figure and algolagnic whose morbid interest in human suffering sent him scurrying over to Paris whenever a good execution was scheduled. Americans may have displayed an unwholesome interest in the departure of Gary Gilmore two years ago, but that was nothing compared with the macabre fascinations, the public hangings, the *Schadenfreud* of other centuries. In the 17th century, Londoners sometimes spent their Sunday afternoons at Bedlam mocking the crippled and demented.

In Florence during Michelangelo's time, countless victims of stabbings by hit men were seen floating under bridges. In London during the Age of Enlightenment, gangs roamed the streets committing rape. Says Critic George Steiner: "Our sense of a lost civility and order comes from a very short period of exceptional calm—from the 1860s to 1914, or the interlude between the Civil War and World War I."

One of the problems with the concept of decadence is that it has such a long moral shoreline, stretching from bleak and mountainously serious considerations of history to the shallow places where ideas evaporate 30 seconds after they splash. For all the range of its uses, decadence is a crude term. It houses fallacies. People think of decadence as the reason for the collapse of Rome, but the point is arguable. Rome at the height of its imperial power was as morally depraved as in its decline. Perhaps more so.

A second model is the metaphor of natural decay, the seasons of human life, for example. Animals, people, have birth, growth, periods of vigor, then decline and death. Do societies obey that pattern? The idea of course, implies exactly that. But it seems a risky metaphor. Historians like Arnold Toynbee, like the 14th century Berber Ibn-Khalid and the 18th century Italian Giovanni Battista Vico, have constructed cyclical theories of civilizations that rise up in vigor, flourish, mature and then fall into decadence. Such theories may sometimes be too deterministic; they might well have failed, for example, to predict such a leap of civilization as the Renaissance. Ultimately, the process of decadence remains a mystery. Why has the tribe of Jews endured for so many centuries after the sophisticated culture of the Hittites disappeared?

Richard Gilman can be granted his central point: "that 'decadence' is an unstable word and concept whose significations and weights continually change in response to shifts in morals, social, and cultural attitudes, and even technology." But the protean term is still tempting. It seems the one word that will do to point toward something moribund in a culture, the metastasis of despair that occurs when a society loses faith in its own future, when its energy wanes and dies. It would probably be more narrowly accurate to use words like corrupt or depraved to describe, say, punk rock, or murder in a gas line, but decadent is more popular because it contains a prophecy. To be decadent is to be not just corrupt, but terminally corrupt. "Decadence" speaks with the iron will of history and the punishment

of the Lord. It is an accusation. "Woe to those who are at ease in Zion," wrote the prophet Amos, "and to those who feel secure on the mountain of Samaria. Woe to those who lie upon beds of ivory, who drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the finest oils."

One could construct a kind of "worst-case scenario" to prove that the U.S., with the rest of the West, has fallen into dangerous decline. The case might be argued thus: the nation's pattern is moral and social failure, embellished by hedonism. The work ethic is nearly as dead as the Weimar Republic. Bureaucracies keep cloning themselves. Resources vanish. Education fails to educate. The system of justice collapses into a parody of justice. An underclass is trapped, half out of sight, while an opulent traffic passes overhead. Religion gives way to narcissistic self-improvement cults.

There is more. Society fattens its children on junk food and then permits them to be enlisted in pornographic films. The nation subdivides into a dozen drug cultures—the alcohol culture, the cocaine culture, the heroin culture, the Valium culture, the amphetamine culture, and combinations thereof. Legal abortions and the pervasive custom of contraception suggest a society so chary of its future that it has lost its will to perpetuate itself. Says British Author Malcolm Muggeridge: "What will make historians laugh at us is how we express our decadence in terms of freedom and humanism. Western society suffers from a largely unconscious collective death wish." Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who shares with Muggeridge an austere Christian mysticism, has been similarly appalled by Western materialism.

And yet, oddly, the U.S. probably seemed more decadent, or at any rate, considerably more disturbed, eight or ten years ago than it does now. In the midst of the Viet Nam War, the ghetto riots, the assassinations, the orgasmic romanticism of the counterculture, the national rage was more on the surface. Says Milwaukee Sociologist Wayne Youngquist: "There is decadence in our society, but it is an ebb, not a rising tide. Our institutions are healing, the age of moral ambiguity and experimentation is in decline."

Americans must beware, however, of looking for decadence in the wrong places. The things that can make the nation decay now are not necessarily what we think of when we say decadence: they are not Roman extravagances or Baudelaire's *fleurs du mal*, or Wilde's scented conceits. Nor, probably, do they have much to do with pornography, license or bizarre sexual practice. It is at least possible that Americans should see the symptoms of decadence in the last business quarter's alarming 3.8% decline in productivity, or in U.S. society's catastrophic dependence upon foreigners' oil, or in saturations of chemical pollution. It is such symptoms that betoken "a race which has reached its final hour."

But the word decadence, like an iridescent bubble, can be blown too large; it will burst with too much inflation of significance. In any case, decadence is too much a word of simplification. The U.S. is too complicated, housing too many simultaneous realities, to be covered with one such concept. Subcultures of decadence exist, as they have in all societies. The amplifications of the press and television may make the decadence seem more sensational and pervasive than it really is. A sense of decay arises also from all of society's smoking frictions of rapid change, the anxiety caused by a sense of impermanence. The nation's creative forces, however, remain remarkably strong—in the sciences, for example, where achievements in physics, mathematics, biology and medicine rank beside anything so far accomplished on the planet. Before anyone tries to use too seriously the awful and thrilling word decadence, he ought to distinguish between the customary mess of life and the terminal wreckage of death.

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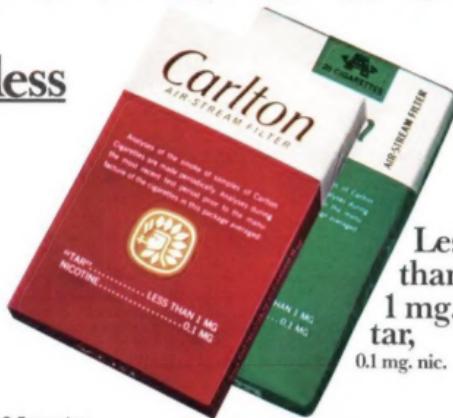
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